

Special Features This Issue
"Kokopelli Open House" - "Messer Hive Discovered"
"A 14' Chesapeake Sharpie Skiff"



messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 21 - Number 22

April 1, 2004



messing about in BOATS

29 BURLEY ST., WENHAM, MA 01984 (978) 774-0906

Volume 21 - Number 22
April 1, 2004



Published twice a month, 24 times a year. U.S. subscription price is \$28 for 24 issues. Canadian and overseas subscription prices are available upon request.

Address is 29 Burley St., Wenham, MA 01984-1943. Telephone is 978-774-0906. There is no machine.

Editor and Publisher is Bob Hicks.

Production and subscription fulfillment is by Office Support Services.

Circulation inquiries and problems: contact Roberta Freeman, Office Support Services, 978-777-3557, e-mail: officesupport@comcast.net

Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



It seemed to me that over the past year we had published more than the "normal" number of articles about canoeing treks, major trips undertaken by readers in canoes, so I looked back to January 1, 2003, and sure enough, my impression was correct. "Normal" means what has tended to be the typical frequency of any one sort of messing about adventure story appearing on our pages.

Reinhard Zollitsch kicked off the year 2003 in the January 1 issue with a three-part series on "Paddling Solo Along the Baltic Coast of Germany." This was, for the expatriate professor of German at the University of Maine, something of a nostalgia trip along the coasts of his boyhood years. Reinhard was no stranger to these pages by then, his tales of long distance paddling adventures, usually along seacoasts, have graced our pages for a number of years.

The 440 miles of ocean paddling over 20 days was typical of the Zollitsch adventure, Reinhard is a self-reliant solo canoeist and his reports are as meticulously organized as is his trip planning prior to each adventure.

In the August 15 issue George Jacobs told of a completely different nature and scale of canoe trip in which he and two other retired, overweight guys paddled and sailed their canoes about 50 miles in four days from the head of navigation on Florida's Coldwater Creek to the Blackwater River and thence to the Gulf of Mexico in Pensacola Bay. Their adventures, relative to their physical condition and skill levels, were a very rewarding experience for them.

In the October 1 issue Reinhard was back, this time eschewing his favored seacoast adventuring to undertake to do a historical voyage retracing a 100-mile portion of the Lewis & Clark Expedition's route on the Missouri River just ahead of the 200th anniversary celebration which was sure to attract too many other paddlers for his solo tastes. This section of the Missouri is a "Wild and Scenic River" pretty much as it must have appeared to the L&C Expedition, and Reinhard noted for us much of historical and geological interest along his route which, unlike the original explorers, he paddled downstream rather than up.

Reinhard's concluding Part 2 of his trip in the October 15 issue was joined by Hugh Hagan's "Paddling the Northern Tier," a story of a "departure from civilization" for a Boy Scout troop from Roanoke, Virginia, 24 boys and adult leaders covered a 75-mile loop through 22 lakes in northern Minnesota. A large group experience in wilderness paddling.

The November 1 issue brought us Hoz Joeven's tale, "To The Bay, a Canadian Wildwater River Trip," from near Lake Superior north to James Bay on the Upper Missinaibi River in the sub arctic. Three obviously experienced whitewater paddlers covered 320 kilometers of this Canadian Heritage River, originally an early fur traders' route and still a river of deep religious significance to Ojibwa and Cree Indians. This was an out and out adventure thrill trip for skilled paddlers, although the latter section provided some opportunity for sailing.

Richard Winsow III returned to our pages in the January 15 issue after a couple of years' absence with his tale of wilderness paddling in northern Maine in "Big Boulders and Floating Leaves, the St. Croix River in the Fall." Richard has undertaken many wilderness canoeing trips with various favored outfitters, in this case he was the one client on an end of season trip. Richard's day by day log escapes falling into monotony as he is a skilled writer, historian, and researcher. He always travels with outfitters, but obviously has honed his wilderness paddling skills over the many years of so doing and is happiest when really way out there in the "wilderness."

Reinhard again returned in the February 15 and March 1 issues with a retrospective look back at "Ten Years in the Everglades," during which on a couple of occasions his solo preference was set aside when his wife and adult joined him on separate occasions. This guy really gets around with canoe and paddle. Finally, in the recent March 1 issue, Mississippi Bob Brown weighed in with a really unusual fictitious canoeing tale, "The Perfect Canoe Trip." Bob's previous articles involving canoeing have tended towards the technique/gear direction, "hut, hut, hut, switch" stuff. Well, his dream trip turned out to be predicated on an expedition in which the canoes are swapped by helicopter from time to time along the way to best suit the water conditions which will be encountered. A unique concept.

We're not done yet, ready in the wings are Reinhard Zollitsch's "Scotia on the Mind," back to coastal cruising, around Nova Scotia, and Dick Winslow's "Eastern Boundary Waters Trip." These are just the canoeing tales we get to bring to you. Thanks to our numerous and talented writers, you the readers, much, much more appears on our pages about all aspects of messing about. I know not where else you'd get to read such diverse writing about messing about in boats.

In This Issue...

- 2 Commentary
- 4 You write to us about...
- 6 Book Reviews
- 8 Window on the Water
- 9 Kokopelli Open House
- 16 The Solo of Mystic Experiences
- 18 Messer Hive Discovered
- 20 Exeter Maritime Museum of Boats
- 22 Beyond the Horizon
- 25 Building Sleeper - 9
- 26 A 14' Chesapeake Sharpie Skiff
- 30 Bolger on Design - Whaler Sloop
- 32 Trade Directory
- 37 Classified Marketplace
- 39 Shiver Me Timbers

On the Cover...

The water level at Arizona's Lake Powell, scene of Jim Thayer's annual Kokopelli gathering, was down over 100' this year, Jim's Nina can be seen from afar on the cover this issue, lost in the vastness of that big sky country. The Kokonauts made their gathering a success despite the lack of water, read all about it in this issue.

EAST INDIA SQUARE
SALEM, MA 01970

"It pretty much spoils you
for any other rowing
boat."

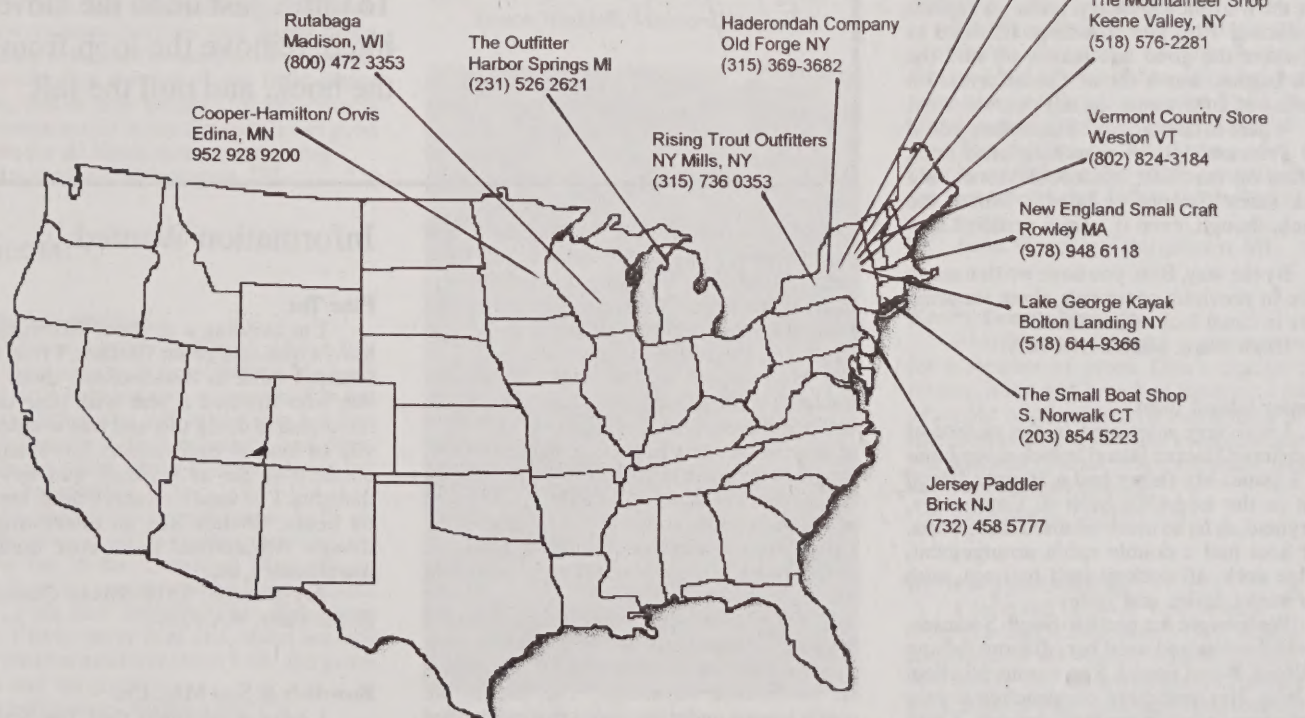
Yachting

the ADIRONDACK GUIDE-BOAT

Charlotte VT 05445 (802) 425-3926
adirondack-guide-boat.com

"It is 5:15 a.m. I am rowing my
Steve Kaulback Adirondack Guide
Boat off the coast of Cape Cod. The
waters are glassy. My prow slices
the surface. I disturb several diving
cormorants. I am transfixed. I am in
touch. I am human. Great stuff.
Trust me."

Tom Peters, *Forbes*



Cedar Guideboats

Cedar Guideboat Kits

Kevlar/Fiberglass Guideboats

You write to us about...

Adventures & Experiences..

Turned on to Sliding Seat Rowing

I have been turned on to sliding seat rowing by a very athletic friend from the Berkshires and am now considering entering the Blackburn Challenge in July, training right now on a C-2 rowing machine. I will probably contact that North Shore group mentioned in "Window on the Water," the boat people are a nice group.

Don Pascucci, Chelmsford, MA

Information of Interest...

Good News and Bad News for Mississippi Bob Brown.

First the bad news. A 5-gallon bucket hold holds only 41.7263205 pounds of water (don't computers let people become unbearable know-it-alls?) so maybe he'd better check the trim of that barge again. ("Building the Foam Barge," Vol. 21, No. 19)

Now for the good news. His review in the same issue of Joe Richards' delightful book about his struggles to keep the old Friendship sloop *Princess* afloat reminded me that Richards did not stop at that book. He went on to serve as a civilian tug driver for the U.S. Army during WWII and his *Tug of War* (David McKay Company, NY, 1979, ISBN 0-679-51351-5) is quite a tale. His tugs were the wartime top-heavy, prone-to-capsize STs (Small Tug) and sometime it's hard to tell where the good tale leaves off and the truth begins, but a lot of the information checks out. In any case, he tells a great story.

Where to find a copy? Same place you'd find *Princess*, lots of searching used book sources on the Web, used book stores, and book sales. Sooner or later... Worth the search, though, even if I am a certified tugnut.

By the way, Bob, you have written much sense in previous comments about mooring boats in canal locks. Good stuff!

Hugh Ware, Manchester MA

Hooper Island Boat

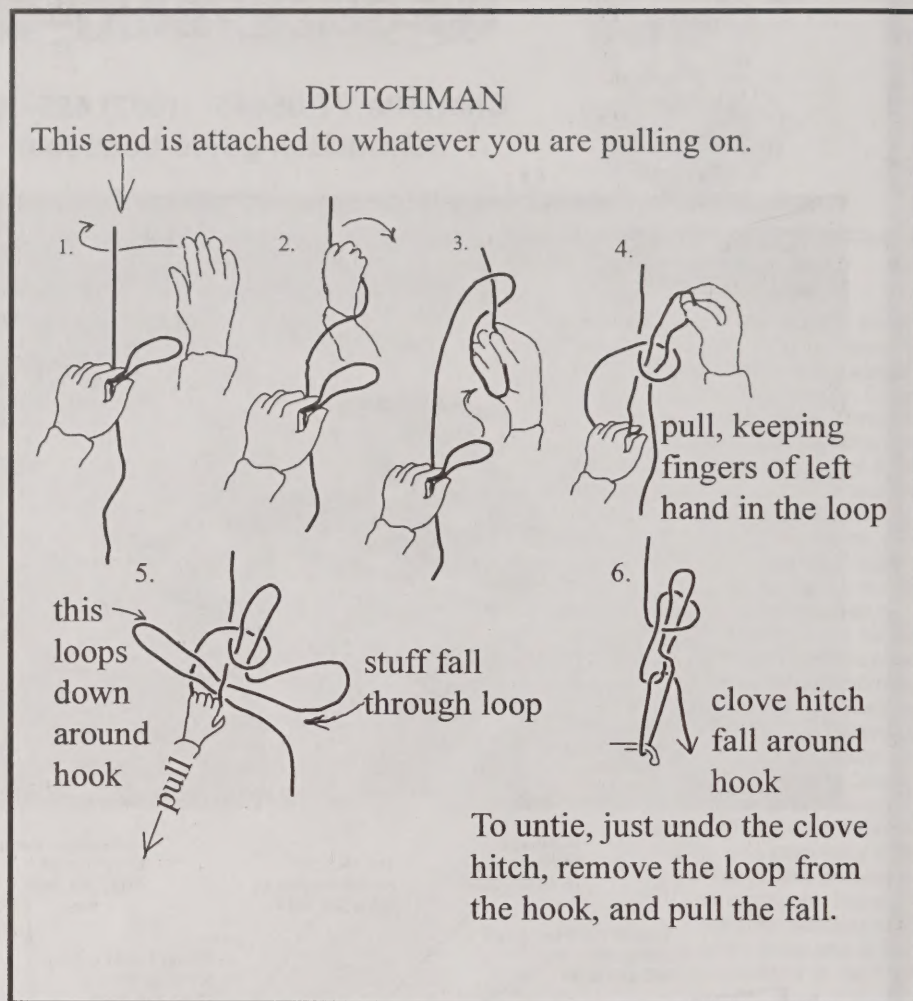
I was very interested in the picture of the restored Hooper Island launch in the January 1 issue. My father had a Hooper Island boat in the mid '30s built in Cambridge, Maryland, as he so much admired these boats. Our boat had a double cabin arrangement, bridge deck, aft cockpit (self-bailing), with four bunks, toilet, and galley.

We brought her north to South Swansea, Massachusetts and used her offshore fishing on Block Island Sound. She was an excellent sea boat. Her method of construction is very interesting, everything built by eye. I will write what I can remember of it soon.

Richard Knight, Naples, FL

Another Hitch

Many years ago when by day I was a mild mannered telephone man and by night a wild eyed chicken truck driver, split shifting



up and down the Catskills, the Berkshires, and the Poconos, I knew my load was still back there if could see a trailing mist of feathers in the side mirrors. And it always was because I relied on the trucker's hitch my friend and employer, David Knoll, taught me.

He called it a "Dutchman," the only trucker's hitch, he said, that can be untied with one hand, even when the rope is frozen. Ease of untying was very important. In hot weather, too, those canvas tarps had to come off fast before the livestock suffocated. Also, it had to be quick to tie so we could be among the first at the unloading dock at dawn. Since we always worked in the black of night, he taught me to tie by feel.

The trucker's hitch may be compounded by tying another in the fall of the first. A third may be tied, but friction greatly diminishes its mechanical advantage. The hitches are easily looped under the hooks that are welded along the truck/trailer bed. If a closed loop is all that is available, simply thread the fall through the loop. Once a friend and I jury rigged a backstay on a 40' sloop 500 miles off the West Coast. We averted a dismasting by simply looping the Dutchman under the sloop's counter.

Derek Van Loan, Mill Valley, CA

Information Wanted...

Pine Tar

I'm building a rowboat this winter and have a question about finishes. I read somewhere, I think in *WoodenBoat*, about someone who finished a boat with pine tar. I'm interested in doing this and was wondering if you or any of your readers know anything about pine tar as a finish and have any thoughts. I've used it on skis before, but never on boats. Sounds like an interesting idea though. Am curious about cost, durability, maintenance, etc.

Jay Berube, 1510 Silver Queen Rd., Kettle Falls, WA 99141

Bowdish & Son Mfg. Co.

I have a problem that Joe Spalding (*MAIB* Feb, 2004) got me into and I, in turn am involving the rest of the *MAIB* readers (it only seems fair). Joe's wife, Sue, is in charge of the programs for the Skaneateles Historical Society and asked me to make a brief presentation on the Bowdish & Son and the Bowdish Manufacturing Co. to the Society. I said yes and this is where you all come in. I

dusted off research that had been done years ago and wanted to add to it. I need any and all information that you, the readers, might have.

The company was in operation between 1886 and 1899. They built skiffs, steam boats, and steam engines of all sizes for boats and stationary applications. They were located in Skaneateles, New York, and according to some sources sent boats all over the United States.

John Barnes, 2524 Platt Rd., Marcellus, NY 13108, (315) 673 4334, <Jabarnes1@aol.com>

Opinions...

About That Perfect Boat

Reader John Smith recently asked for a perfect boat for two adults and three kids, open with leeboards and modest sail rig. The first boat that comes to my mind is the 16' Irish curragh pictured on Page 20 in the January 15 issue. I would love to see building plans for this boat as it appears to be readily constructed and not requiring exotic materials.

Tom Jones in his book, *Boats to Go*, Page 67, extols the 16' Dobler with a modest sprit rig of 75sf, its lines similar to Swampscott dory, but lighter in weight with plywood construction.

If rowing up some creek is impractical with oars, an Old Town Discovery type canoe can be fitted with a leeboard and sprit rig of about half that for the Dobler rowboat and paddled pretty well. The plastic hull drags over rocks even. I wish that they were longer than 16'9" though.

The Old Farmer's Almanac for 2004 lists, on Page 244, calorie burning comparisons for various exertions and shows that a surprising amount of power can be mustered, suggesting that instead of the little canoe paddle, that double paddles for the canoe's wider beam would be fun for a while and good practice for all hands in a group outing.

Jim Hodges, Wilmington, DE

Projects...

Goodbye to Oldshoe

Oldshoe was my first boat. I have had many great sails with her. *Oldshoe* has been a good little ship but it now time to pass her on to someone who will appreciate her fine performance as a well mannered and comfortable day sailer. I have even camped in her under a boom tent.

My obsessive compulsion to keep on building more good boats now persuades me to offer her in the Classified Marketplace where there are people who understand these things. I am now on hull #34, a Greenland kayak. I have never sold one, some are still in my yard but most were built with, and given to, 6th and 7th graders.

Joe Tribulato, Watsonville, CA

Update on Small World Houseboat

To recap from a past feature story in *MAIB*, my Small World miniature houseboat will sleep two in a spacious cabin, plus take aboard up to four guests on its foredeck for

entertaining. This deck can be awning covered for protection from rain.

At present, I am now building two of its four superlight pontoons, each 8' in length. These two pontoons, when not being used for the houseboat, are being built with recessed seats at each end in the top surface. Placing these pontoons together about one foot apart with crossbars forms a beautiful little catamaran that seats two adults plus even two children. It can be electric motor driven, or sailed, or even paddled in an emergency. Or the two pontoons can have two sheets of 3/8" plywood laid over them to form an 8' x 8' floating deck for sunning and swimming out from a lakeshore! A new foamboard material I have discovered allows the pontoons to weigh only about 20 lbs.

Write or e-mail me and I'll keep you posted on all this.

Walter Head, Hobbycrafts, 1178 Laurel Fork Rd., Vilas, N.C. 28692, <housboat42@wmconnect.com>

Pumpkin Boat

I came across a story in a 1997 issue of *Kitchen Garden*, to which my wife subscribes, about one pumpkin grower's solution as to what to do with a 729 lb. pumpkin he had grown. The pumpkin had won the Connecticut state pumpkin championship, although his pumpkin fell well short of the 1,061 lb. world champion.

Wayne J. Hackney hollowed out his pumpkin, fitted an outboard motor to it, and launched it on a two-mile lake crossing. Despite the chop, leaks, and an outboard failure, he made it by paddling. Hackney appeared a bit apprehensive in his *Mighty Mabel*, the photo afloat, certainly understandable.

Bruce Waddell, Mercer Island, WA



Spirit of South Carolina

The *Spirit of South Carolina*, a replica pilot schooner, is now under construction in downtown Charleston, a block from the harbor. The New Charleston Mosquito Fleet, an organization of rowers and small boat sail-

ors, has been constructing a 20' yawl boat for the schooner at the temporary shipyard which is also the home of the schooner project.

The yawl boat was designed by Michael McEvoy, who was designer of the wonderful four-oared gigs rowed by Floating the Apple in New York City and others. Ours is of glued lap construction and will represent a generic pilots' yawl reminiscent of those used on pilot schooners along the Atlantic coast in the later 19th century.

As progress is made I will send on some photos and more details.

Rob Dunbar, Charleston, SC

This Magazine...

Appreciation for Magazine

I want to register my appreciation for the whole magazine, and in particular a couple of contributors. I've been finding lots of interesting points in Hugh Ware's "Beyond the Horizon" reports, if for no other reason than that we expect to take *Sequester* back out in the open water again in a year or so, and it's valuable to know what's stirring in the world of big ships when we're going to share the ocean with them.

Dave Carnell also caught my attention with his informative letter on waterproofing wood. His description of water vapour movement into wood through an epoxy barrier fits with my years of experience with both dinghies and our liveaboard trimaran, *Sequester*, but it's good to see quantitative data based on well documented experiments. Thanks to all for the education and amusement.

Ted Cary, S/V *Sequester*, Auckland, NZ

Thank You from Hans

I wish to thank the good people who responded to my request for info on the Sunflower. I had several phone calls, letters, and even received literature on the Snark Boats, which included the Sunflower.

The readers of *MAIB* are a very fine bunch, something I've come to realize over the many years that I have subscribed to this magazine.

Hans Waecker, Georgetown, ME

Really Been a Pleasure

MAIB has really been a pleasure to me for a number of years. Don't change your format, it is a real breath of fresh air, I am 81 years old now and been a sailor most of my life. But it seems now I just keep downsizing. For the past several years my main interest has been stripper canoes.

Jack Faatz, Dayton, TN

Review Appreciated

I received copy of your review of *The Doryman* and *A Doryman's Day*, which you published in the March 1 issue. Thank you very much. The review of Maura Hanrahan's book is great and I really enjoyed reading the review of Captain Fisher's book. You raise some interesting points regarding the differences between Barry Fisher's experiences as a doryman and those of Richard Hanrahan. Maura is really pleased with it, as well.

Laura Cameron, Flanker Press, Ltd., St. John's, NFLD

How to Build A Tin Canoe As Noted on the WWW

By Quentin Wilson

Robb White, Jr. might not be too happy, but I have been giving him the google. About eight months ago he was well cloaked and only appeared on Bailey White's website. The most I could figure out then was that his father was neither William Allen White of the *Emporia Gazette* nor E.B. White of *Charlotte's Web* fame. Things have changed now that *How to Build a Tin Canoe* from Hyperion Press is out there.

Robb has claimed to disdain "playing computers," so unless he has changed he will be unhappy to hear he is now firmly imbedded in the World Wide Web. What has happened is nothing short of awesome and will seem unintelligible to Robb and his fellow, rightfully proud, eworld Luddite, Bob Hicks.

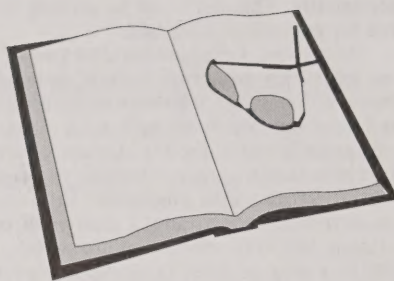
Things are happening so fast it only makes sense to capture an instant of what is now Robb White's persona internetica. At 0733 hours on February 2, 2004, Google needed 15 seconds to return 4550 hits on Robb White, 15 seconds to return 4470 on Bailey White, and 30 seconds on Bob Hicks for 5050 hits. Only three weeks ago Robb googled at 648.

Many of the Robb White hits are actually his father, who has several cult sites and chat groups discussing and rating his books and screenplays, not to mention www.coolteenbooks.com. Bailey's hits are nearly all her own, besmirched only by a modest porn star of the same name. Bob Hicks is buried under a race car driver, a bicyclist, an umpire, a fishing reporter, the singer Barbeque Bob Hicks, and many others of the same name. However, it is worth digging (ruhooked.com) to see the fantastic off-road, three-wheeled hand cycle he built for a quadraplegic friend. He is no Luddite in that corner of his life.

Back to Robb. Tin, atomic number 50; atomic weight 118.71; symbol: Sn. *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*; *The Clarke Tin Whistle: Deluxe Edition Book and CD*; *The Tin Woodman of Oz*; *The Complete Irish Tin Whistle Tutor*; *The Tin Drum*; *The Tin Collector: A Novel*; *The Fine Art of the Tin Can: Techniques and Inspirations*; *How to Build a Deck*; *They Shoot Canoes, Don't They?* Excepting the last two items, it's all there on the same page along with the names of heavy hitters Gunter Grass, Tennessee Williams, and L. Frank Baum among others. Google score 129,000.

People don't know quite where to fit Robb and his canoe into the stacks. He is in the Princeton Library Dixon Collection next to physicist Richard Feynman's *Rainbow*. Borders Books got my copy on the third try but didn't know if it was a memoir or do it yourself manual, bookdigger.com has him in Georgia history right next to *Gone with the Wind*, the canoe associations and internet groups of the world are going nuts and they are mad as hell. He is even all over Germany (that's .de instead of .com) since they are canoe ardent.

The reviews pile up. Robb is compared to McManus, Mark Twain with salt, Huck



Book Reviews

Finn himself, Jack Saunders, Will Rogers, Garrison Keillor, Roy Blount, even...Bailey White! Cathy Mathias interviews and reviews him for *Florida Today*, Gretchen Piston Ogden for *Maine Boats & Harbors*, Joyce Dixon for *Southern Scribe Reviews*, Peter H. Vanderwaart on duckworksmagazine.com, and Hal Jacobs for the *Atlanta Journal Constitution*. He has been mentioned in *MAIB* by Ward Knockemus, November 1, in his list of best books, and reviewed nicely by Dee Carstarphen January 15, and in *WoodenBoat* #176 by Jennifer Bunting. One review starts with his birth date and is so eulogistic it could serve as his epitaph with only the addition of the date of finalization.

The adjectives/nouns pile up: ornery, cantankerous, progger, curmudgeon, prematurely irascible, man of patina, crusty old salt, the British Seagull of humans (certainly no stormboat motor), homey, guaranteed touchy on certain subjects.

The speaking engagements pile up: Vidalia Toombs County Library in Georgia, maybe the Georgia River Network, and a couple of other libraries or quilting societies (the references become very cryptic).

Let's move on. This review is really about me. There I was running around my backyard yelling and grinning, joy, rapture, happiness and sudden revelation with understanding all at once. I called Maria V. to the balcony but her view was blocked and she had to come down to see it, THE TIN CANOE! The 18-minute canoe. I timed it on the atomic clock. Out my back door at 1200 hours and back in at 1336. Subtracting for the running in circles and a few missteps in construction, that's 18 minutes! Some of the book reviewers got it right but most, especially the canoe groups, started out, "This book is not really about canoes or building them." Wrong! I hate to state the obvious but the hint is in the title. Robb gives full and complete directions on how to build a canoe. It takes just a couple of sentences.

I got a new piece of galvanized Pro Panel off a church roof job. It has nice strong ridges and accentuates the curves of the canoe. Also, it's 38" wide and I presume Robb's was the old 26" corrugated so my canoe is beamier and gives what the Levis folks call a more relaxed fit in the seat. The revelation comes in seeing what happens when the folded metal is sprung apart. Robb might have worked barefoot, but it was about 35 degrees out so I had my Wolverine work boots on. That is important since galvanized ProPanel is shipped with a thin film of oil to prevent oxi-

dation. It was mighty slippery, tried to snap shut and nearly tossed me on my head a time or two, kind of like the guy in America's Barely Tolerable Videos who gets folded up in his boat, the type of which some folks carry on the side of their Winnebagos.

I have books on boat design and construction and read *MAIB* carefully but nothing prepared me for the lesson to come from the canoe. In an instant I saw and experienced the bow and stern going down and the middle hogging up just as Robb said. I had a little pile of sand spread out to support the middle in the stomping process. Anyway, the result is best described as half a double ended tooth-paste tube, and before too long I will send along a sketch and maybe a photo. I got out my really big sledge but couldn't bust through the ice on the neighbor's pond, but the spring thaw is on its way and we will launch soon.

So here's the conclusion. Robb has gotten men back into a genre of writing which for some time they have left to women, good literature with instructions for making things thrown in. That's necessary for those of us who can't waste time reading things that don't inform us of useful skills. Didn't we all learn to tie knots from E. Annie Proulx in *The Shipping News*? And before that there was Whitney Otto who taught us a thing or two about stitching in *How to Make an American Quilt* to help in our canvas projects. And who could forget cooking instruction, recipes, and home remedies in *Like Water for Chocolate* by Laura Esquivel. Sue Miller showed me how to dance August 16, 2003, in Denver at the Botanical Gardens, but that was no book. Bob Vila and Ole Norm show us how to do things, but they sure don't write like Robb and those women. He makes me proud and he may have to kiss his privacy goodbye and give Google his due.

Maine Lobsterboats: Builders and Lobstermen Speak of their Craft

By Virginia L. Thorndike
Down East Books - 1998
P.O. Box 679, Camden, Maine, 04843.
To order phone: (800) 766 1670

Reviewed by Jim Lacey

The Maine lobsterboat has joined the ranks of readily recognized classic New England workboats such as the Cape Cod catboat, the Gloucester dory and, to a lesser extent, the New Haven sharpie, that have been adapted for recreational use because of their attractive lines and seaworthy characteristics. The working lobster boat has evolved from the modest Hampton open boat of the early 1900s, through its classic phase as an elegant displacement wooden hull with a sheltered working area and cabin, to ever larger and faster planing versions, now mostly fiberglass. Improved technology, such as hydraulic pot haulers, nylon lines, and vinyl/steel traps which enabled lobstermen to increase tenfold the number of pots they could work,

made larger, faster boats not only practical but necessary.

Virginia Thorndike's *Maine Lobsterboats* tells the story of this evolution with considerable detail about design and construction and, in addition, by way of interviews allows the lobstermen and boatbuilders to tell their own stories. What emerges is a rich oral history of the industry from its heyday to the present, much enhanced by photos of the men and the boats they designed, built, and worked. Virginia Thorndike clearly enjoyed gathering the information for this book and writing it, tasks which involved collecting and taking photographs of these beautiful and functional watercraft and cultivating a fascinating cast of New Englanders working in the trade. What emerges is a clear sense of downeast character in its considerable variety, something of a corrective to the cartoon of the laconic old salt gulling tourists.

Maine Lobsterboats: Builders and Lobstermen Speak of Their Craft is a very readable informal history aimed at anyone interested in classic watercraft or the lobster industry. It is a must for anyone thinking of buying a lobsterboat for use as a recreational cruiser.

The Piscataqua Gundalow: Workhorse for a Tidal Empire

By Richard E. Winslow III

Review by Dick Berg

I was delighted to have the opportunity to review the above named book for a couple of reasons; first, as a member of the group that enjoy "messaging about in boats" and being interested in anything that floats, and second, in the latter years of my working life I was employed by a company that had just moved to Portsmouth New Hampshire. It just happened to coincide with the time period that the *Capt. Edward H. Adams*, a replica of a working gundalow, was being built by Strawberry Banke. With a friend I spent some noon hours observing and was able to go aboard after it was launched.

The book chronicles very ably what a workhorse was able to accomplish in that tidal empire that included Portsmouth, Dover, Exeter, Durham, Newington, and Newmarket in New Hampshire and south Berwick in Maine, and the rivers that supplied them, the Piscataqua, Squamscott, Oyster, Cocheco, Bellamy, and the Salmon Falls. The period that the gundalow served the area was from about 1650 up to 1900. In the early years the gundalows were primarily used and built by farmers. Among the uses were collecting marsh hay and cordwood. They were built like barges and propelled by oars and poles. Some were equipped with a sail that was square and hung from a yard on a small mast.

In the 1800s the construction became more sophisticated and they were decked over, had a cabin, a rudder, and leeboards, and were primarily built by professional ship-

wrights. In the later years of the gundalow goods such as coal, cordwood, lime, salt, lumber, stone, and bricks were carried, and of course paying passengers were welcome. The *Fanny M.*, which was the last operating gundalow in 1900, once carried a load of bricks weighing 60 tons! The engineer in me questioned the load, so to satisfy myself I did some displacement calculations and decided it was easily possible.

Gundalows were also used along the coast of Maine and John Greenleaf Whittier mentioned gundalows in some of his poems which he probably saw on the Merrimac River from Haverhill, Massachusetts, where he lived.

Besides being an important part of the economy during those years, gundalows also were prominent in the early days of the Revolution. A group that attacked Fort William and Mary to capture gun powder stored there arrived there by gundalow and then dispersed the powder to other areas to make it difficult for the British to locate it. A fort that was built on Seavey Island was built to protect the entrance to Portsmouth and was made accessible from Portsmouth by a floating bridge constructed of gundalows moored end to end and planked over between them. This was built by Brig. Gen. John Sullivan.

A fair amount of the book is devoted to the story of Captain Edward H. Adams, who was descended from an illustrious family with strong roots in the area. Captain Adams was considered the dean and last one of the gundalowmen. He lived at Adams Point, formerly an island, now connected by a causeway and located on the Durham, New Hampshire side of the narrows between Great Bay and Little Bay. His grandfather, known as "Reformation John," was a Methodist circuit rider and obtained the land in 1830. His father was the Rev. Joseph Adams of Newington, who was the uncle of John Adams who became the second President of the United States.

Capt. Adams enjoyed building ship models and worked at building a gundalow which he called the *Fanny M.* He made his living working on the river, gundalowing and boatbuilding. He once remarked, "I had to make a living and that's an awful set back to a fellow."

The *Fanny M.* was active in the area for many years and was the only gundalow to have an engine built into it in later years. It was a converted automobile engine. It would have improved the gundalow's operating abilities, but by that time the railroads had encroached on their monopoly moving bulky goods. I was quite surprised to learn that Capt. Adams had grown tobacco on the family land from 1902 to 1908. They used Havana wrappers and after their own tobacco had cured manufactured cigars in a wooden tobacco press.

Considering the impact that the gundalow had in developing the tidal basin in Portsmouth, it is not too surprising that the idea was born to start a project building a working replica of a gundalow. A Dr. Albert E. Hickey, who had been living on a barge on the Piscataqua River in Eliot, Maine, relocated his barge to Portsmouth at the Prescott Park landing. Hickey was a consultant and publisher of educational books and had some experience preserving historical relics and planning replicas. He joined forces with

Peggy Armitage, who was Director of Strawberry Bank Museum. She was able to convince the trustees to start the project.

Approaching the University of New Hampshire, they were able to secure a grant to start things going. It was originally called the "Driftwood Project" after a gundalow that Capt. Adams built in later years, but was later named the Piscataqua Gundalow Project and the name of the gundalow to be built was to be the *Capt. Edward H. Adams* in honor of Capt. Adams. Once the project was underway a search was started to locate the materials to build it with. Needed was old growth pine for top grade planking, hackmatack, or larch, for knees, locust for trunnels (approximately 5,000 trunnels were needed), oak for beams, and pine trunks with curves for bow and stern timbers or "sweeps."

When the project was ready to launch it was decided to use oxen to haul it to the nearby shore as were used as in the early days. The oxen were treated to performing other than pulling at local fairs. The vessel took three years to build and subsequently was operated for 13 years by the Piscataqua Gundalow Project as a teaching project. From 1995 to 2001 it was taken under the wing of Strawberry Banke Museum. In 2001 Strawberry Banke management decided that the costs of maintaining the *Adams* were excessive and de-accessioned it.

According to Michael Gowell, who skippered the *Adams* for many years, in an introduction to the new addition of The Piscataqua Gundalow, a newly formed group called The Gundalow Company has taken over responsibility for the vessel. As Mr. Gowell states, "We all hope they can continue the gundalow's important role in the community."

A well researched and interesting book. I recommend it for your personal library.



COLUMBIA TRADING CO.

BUY - SELL • Nautical Books
FREE BOOK • Ship Models
CATALOG • Marine Art & Antiques

On Line Catalog:
www.columbiatrading.com

1 Barnstable Rd., Hyannis, MA 02601
(508) 778-2929 Fax (508) 778-2922
nautical@capecod.net



KAYAKS

Boreal Design

Wilderness Systems - Old Town
CANOE

Ranger - Old Town - Radisson
Hundreds on Display

FERNALD'S

On the River Parker
Rt. 1A, Newbury, MA 01951
(978) 465-0312

This morning my science lesson on the three states of sea water has all three coexisting, directly out front there is less sea smoke than yesterday, and 70% of the Sound is frozen with a few leads of open liquid breaking the ice sheet under the swifter currents. There are several places where, if the sheet were more than an inch thick, I could walk across to Plum Island without getting my feet wet. The tide is rising, bringing the ice to pack up against the shore, creating a scene Admiral Peary would have recognized. The greater part of Ipswich Bay is open water as the mid horizon is totally obscured by the thick sea smoke. Smokey ghosts are scurrying skyward in crowded groups like commuters rushing for the last train.

Behind the skyline of Cape Ann, the cloud bank settles over the frigid waters of Beverly, Salem, Marblehead, and Boston Harbor beyond. The cloud cover snuggles down, thick and puffy, like so much escaped filling from a giant comforter. It is too cold to snow and too cold for even the most hardy or foolhardy to venture forth in an open boat. Frost biters are planning their late winter forays from the comfort of snug homes or crowded coffee shops, today is for observation only.

Along the exposed mussel beds there are frozen fingers of rock weed standing upright. The color of the weed is diffused by the encasing ice. With sunlight hitting the strands, the bed glows with jewel like fire, green of emeralds plucked from the tropical jungles, amber from the sap of ancient forests. The mussels radiate with a mysterious black luster, mimicking the finest jet beads sewn onto the mourning gown of a wealthy widow. A raft of eiders and black ducks drift past, dressed in formal black and white attire, completing my scenario of a proper wake for warmer days.

It is predicted the cold "snap" will continue through the weekend. What is this hubbub about global warming that is in the nature magazines and tucked into national news reports when filler material is needed?

"Every man shall give as he is able, according to the blessings of the Lord" (Deut 16:16)

Needed: Boats and nautical gear

Cruising Ministries

6110 Florida Ave.

New Port Richey, FL 34653

(727) 849-3766

cruisingministries@hotmail.com



Window on the Water

By Chris Kaiser

Winter is for the Birds

In the past six years we've experienced no warmer weather than the previous decade. If the winters are any measure of the overall warming trend in the Northeast, they've got the model wrong. I can count only two out of five summers that have provided uninterrupted sailing opportunities, the remainder were cooler, wetter, and generally less enjoyable. Perhaps the warming will be evidenced along the equatorial band first and work its way to the extremities (sort of like frostbite in reverse).

I have a date to ride along with the town "clam cop" next week. He's agreed to let me accompany him on his rounds and learn about what he does and the intricacies of this ancient coastal livelihood. As a choice of vacation activities, I could perhaps wish to interview his counterpart in the Florida Keys instead, but Mr. Kent has a more interesting beat to patrol given the wide range of seasonal influences that impact our flats. Please the gods of weather that we have a day a bit warmer than these last few.

Driving past the storage yards heading downtown yesterday, I saw there are more boats covered in the heat shrink plastic this winter. When I was fighting the wind and frozen tape to get the dory under wraps, I had envious thoughts about these slick covers. Maybe this fall I'll spend a bit of time building an interior frame to support a shrink wrap job, and then pop that inside and attach an external strip to seal the crack between top and boat. So far the gray whale has withstood hurricane force winds and ice storms battering the outer cover. The thin plastic pipes have stood up to the cold and the snow drifts of the earlier storms. I hope that the covering continues to perform well.

Now into the third day of the Arctic blast, no one is moving more than necessary. Every chimney within my view is putting up plumes of spent-warmth. Even heat rising from the vent stacks condenses into a rime of ice that reflects the glint of the rising sun. The mosaic of cracking ice out on the sound is returning the sun's rays. I could use a pair of sunglasses to see the details better. How strange that the light "looks" so warm, and yet I know from the chill here in the front room that there is not one fraction of a BTU of comfort out there for a warm-blooded creature.

Ducks and gulls are congregating in the open leads, their unique circulation system keeping them from feeling the intense cold. Perhaps the geese are not as well plumbed, since they are not out on the water with the smaller birds. My feet, even inside the house, feel like I had a specially constricted blood supply like the birds. Surely the geese must feel the cold. I see the facial expressions on the gulls and can't help but to put my own emotions into what I observe. "Harry, I told you we should be visiting my parents in Key West this year...but nooo, you HAD to stay here and wait for the stupid smelt to run... what's wrong with baby bone fish? OK so they're "bony," what are a few bones when your feet are warm?"

In contrast, the house finches congregating at the feeders are a cheerful lot, they seem to be comparing fashion notes with the purple finches as they sit out of the wind. The house sparrow is a dull reflection of the glorious colors worn by the purple finch. I miss the woodland birds that I grew up feeding as a child. The perky chickadees rarely venture out to the coast. There are a few on the backside of the Neck where the tangles of sumac and wild honeysuckle give them a feeling of security. Likewise the "upside down bird," the white-throated nuthatch, is missed. My daughter would sit for hours watching the wind-up toy movements of this little bird.

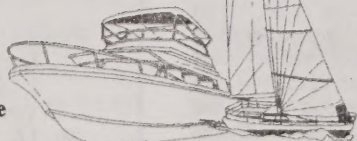
The one bird I miss most is the audacious tit mouse. A relative to the smaller black capped chickadee, the tit mouse has a proportionally larger eye than his cousin. It is this eye, and the intellect that seems to sparkle behind it, that make these birds so appealing. They are bold as brass and can be tamed to eat from a patient person's hand. At the least, they will swoop down and begin to feed as soon as you start to fill the feeders. For all the wonderful water fowl blessing the shore out front, it is these small bundles of energy that bring a smile to my face and warm my heart with their antics. They are so appealing that even the Captain only makes a token protest as "I heat all outdoors" with a birdbath heating unit to keep some fresh water open for the birds that come to the feeders.

We've come past the Winter Solstice, the days ARE growing longer, soon the sun will rise high enough, the earth realign its attitude, and the view outside will be one of metamorphosis. My carefully planted fall bulbs will poke through the thawing soil, pushing aside the salt hay mulch to offer a bit of color to a winter weary landscape. Until that time I'll need to be content looking at what the sunrise highlights each day. There's beauty even in the frozen wasteland of a coast held in the bitter embrace of winter. The three other seasons may be better suited for human enjoyment, but winter is "for the birds."

By-The-Sea

www.by-the-sea.com

- Boat Dealers
- Boat Builders
- Marinas
- Boats For Sale



- Nautical Books
- Plans and Kits
- Weather Instruments
- Free Classified

Tel 508-240-2533 Fax 508-240-2677 Email: info@by-the-sea.com



Fleet at sea.

It was the government's fault. Well, the Postal Service isn't really the government anymore, I guess. Anyway, they decided they had to look over Tom's shoulder and hold a stopwatch while he stuffed mail boxes during the last days of the scheduled Kokopelli and his scheduled vacation. With two small children and a serious and growing boat collection, he rejected the obvious solution and called instead for an accelerated start. The Gales are by far the largest contingent, so the plea carried weight.

Then Jay gets on the phone and pleads a cocktail party in New England the day of the takeout. He had some story about coaching a student giving a paper, but we all know how these conferences work. But then, he's a long time participant and a splendid fellow to boot.

A mental check of the roster revealed that most of the rest were either layabouts or had some control of their lives, so the start was advanced three days. Then I find out that Case and Smith had carved the original dates in stone. Dear me!

The lake was way low last year and over the summer, instead of filling like it should, it just kept going down. The proposed trip this year was a one-way run from Bullfrog to Hite, a reprise of an earlier expedition. (MAIB, January 1, 1995). Tom, a cautious fellow with minutes to burn, called the ranger at Hite and was told that there was no longer a lake at Hite and, in fact, one couldn't even get to it from there. I checked by Hite some weeks later and found that, although one could see the lake in the distance, the pond off the end of the ramp didn't come within a hundred yards of the river.

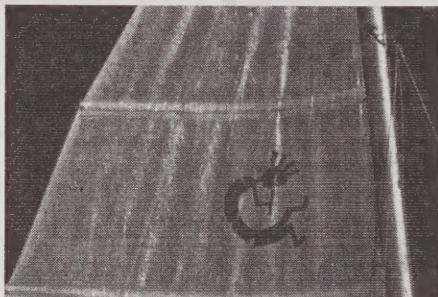
Re: Clouds w/Ag linings: The news of Powell's low level (down 100') was widely dispersed in the west. Half the water, by volume, was gone. If there is anything a power boater can't stand, it is uncertainty. He has to be sure that his motor will start, that there is deep water at the ramp, that the lake won't go down and leave him stranded, that someone will be around to help him if he has trouble, and there won't be unknown hazards to navigation. As a result, millions of power people took up golf or became couch potatoes. Hooray!

Cancellation of the run to Hite solved our late arrival problem. We would just knock

Kokopelli Open House

By Jim Thayer

Photographers: Kim Apel, Steve Axon, Tom Gale, Jim Thayer



Heather's Kokopelli.

around Bullfrog Bay and gather up any stragglers when we found them. This would allow us to hang out several days in one spot and address Axon's complaint that our eating and drinking club has developed a serious boating problem.

Flamingos wait for pancakes.



Kokopelli cast a wide net this year and dragged in people from three corners west of the River. From Minnesota came that stalwart Kokonaut Dennis Bradley, who had providentially put his lovely wife Linda to gainful employment. We may never know whether they faced starvation or whether she just doesn't like sand in her supper. Since he was baching it, Dennis chose, from his considerable fleet, an Old Shoe, which had just the right combination of comfort and simple handling.

Roger Harlow had been rattling around the country for about a month before he slid in here the same day as Dennis. Roger has been through here a couple of times before but this time he brought a Piccup Pram (Jim Michalak) ready to cruise.

Having a day to play, I took the boys to see the yard in Collbran and up the Mesa to see the leaves. We descended via the notorious Land's End Road. Dennis offered to drive several times but knowing him to be helpful and generous to a fault, I declined. Janis told me later that he was ill at ease about the road. I suppose it was the natural reaction of a flatlander. Fortunately my eyesight and reactions are those of a teenager.

Wednesday, October 8: The start was delayed by the usual fooling around. Finally, after lunch, the boys suggested that I meet them in Green River, if I ever got going, where they would make a melon stop. After getting my O2 tank filled I hit the pavement at 70 per and found Dennis at the western ramp with his melons. No sign of Roger so we toured back through town to the eastern entrance without cutting sign. How two guys, both pulling boats, could lose each other in a one main street town was not explored at the time and is best left at that.

Heck, I remember when we first moved to Colorado (back before interstates) I was pulling a 42' house trailer and my wife managed to really lose me twice. You can coordinate through the state patrol and eventually get back together.

We rolled into the Thin Man camp about 6:00 and found the rest of the crew already ensconced. Ron Roberts, the incredible canoe guy from Idaho, had put up a shelter (he was raised back east) and a public service potty house. He had put up a sign with a

stuffed toy lamb because I had facetiously suggested that he would probably have a lamb roasting when we got there.

Supper was an "on your own" affair except that the Axons had kebabs and a nice fire which drew a crowd. It was Dennis' b'day and Janis had whipped up a cake so there were candles and song. Re: the cake. Janis had, on the QT, built this nice chocolate cake, packed it in a bag, and entrusted it to my care with mucho admonition. As things were moving quite deliberately, Dennis offered to help load my truck. His method can best be described as "Power Packing." Janis happened to be standing by as a bag very much like her cake job cart wheeled into the cap. She nearly had a coronary but luckily my confident smile snapped her back.

Thursday's b'fast was a leisurely affair with Dennis on the griddle. Then Axon recruited the daredevils to explore his Thin Man slot canyon while the rest of us, including new arrival, son Steven, hit the trail for B'frog. Not even considering the ramp, we continued on south where we found that our usual beach had migrated quite a ways but was still launch friendly. There followed quite a lengthy orgy of loading and rigging.

First afloat was Kim Apel of the southern California Scuzzbums, no stranger to these pages. Kim has been hanging fire for a couple of years but bit the bullet this year. Kim came in via the Burr Trail from Escalante, which is very scenic but lacks pavement part of the way. Having had some experience in Baja, he was a little chary of the canyon crawling involved. The irony arrived later.

The Gales, Tom, Heather, Willy, Ruby, and Heather's dad, Jack, make up "Exhibit A" in favor of family boating. They were with us last year in the defenestrated Birdwatcher. Well, they have moved on. Tom has sort of a multihull bias, encouraged by the notion that he could sleep the crowd aboard and save the tent hassle. Tom never got around to building the big cat he had planned and wound up buying the old Isotope which had been lying around my place ever since I got it in a package deal involving a rototiller. Tom and I have something in common when it comes to boats. I always wanted to try it but as it turns out I was lucky to unload it "as is, where is." Tom had this thing tricked out with a sail about the size of a maxi boat mizzen. He evidently predicated his load based on the sail, forget-

ting that the hulls also enter into the equation.

Near the other end of the continuum was Heather's new Girly Boat, a New York Whitehall from page 197 in Chapelle. It started as a somewhat battered bare hull that I sold to Tom at Starvation before last. It is just over 14' and beamy enough to carry some sail. The woodwork is extensive and exquisite, with the seat riding on top of the CB case. Jack fitted a lug sail which has short spars, but otherwise may not be the handiest thing. Jack is a cruising rowboat fan who was making his third Kokopelli with a boat that draws a crowd where ever he goes. I suppose Heather sees how much fun the old guy has and wanted one of her own.

What sets the Girly Boat apart from anything else you will ever see is the interior hull finish. Heather is big into sewing and paper making. So this hull is finished inside with a layer of purple paper, embellished here and there with a little stitching. It's hardened and protected with a coat of polysomething. The idea may put off the traditionalist, but it's very attractive and sure beats the heck out of spatter paint.

The afternoon was pretty well hammered down by the time the last of the fleet got away. We headed north in the near calm, favoring the western shore. Just north of the pass was a lead that reached well into the hills and the low sandy shore offered easy landing and limitless tent space. Jack volunteered supper and thus assured himself of carefree evenings the rest of the trip.

Lest we lose her before we even meet her, I must introduce Jack's friend from his student days. She was a most attractive and sociable gal and quite entered into the spirit of the occasion. Our fire was a very modest affair which Steven decided could use some enhancement. The first tumbleweed produced a nice little blaze and got everyone's attention. The second, much larger, awakened some primal urge hidden beneath the veneer of civilization. The third, a true world class bush, ignited a tribal dance of savage power. Well, from the cameraman's perspective anyway.

Somehow the proceedings led to attempts at head standing. Dennis demonstrated classic form and was the envy of the crowd. Jack's girlfriend made several valiant efforts but couldn't quite make it. Possibly fluid intake had softened her muscles. I, for one, slept quite soundly aboard ship. A fine first day.

Friday: The Isotope has Al plate CBs housed in tight fitting cases. On sea trials at home all had been well, but when heavy laden she leaked. Thus we find her careened on the beach while attempts are made to dry the offending cases so that magical goop maybe applied. The cat is out of action for the day. The wind is very light so a hiking party goes up to the pass, now high above the water, to have a look at Hall's Creek Bay. They are entranced by all the propeller tracks across the rocks. It's sort of like finding oyster shells high in the mountains. They report that the good hiking of the Waterpocket Fold, which we had counted on, lies a mile or more of sand from the water. Scratch that.

Late in the morning the boats went out to stir up some wind. We soon found some and all hands enjoyed a whole sail breeze the rest of the day. With Steven on the helm we reached up to the head of the bay, which was



Tom and Bob sailing Isotope.

Girly Boat with Heather and Ruby.



a couple of miles short of where it used to be. At one point we rolled a couple of turns around the mast to see how it would work. I had modified things by outfitting the boat to carry my lox tank. The tank is about 4' high and weighs 165 lbs. full. The only reasonable place for it was right behind the mast in what had been an overly large flotation chamber. To cover it up I built a removable box, sort of like a booby hatch. This, of course, messed up the boom. I could have just dispensed with the boom as many Englishmen do, but it makes for more work tacking and is not so great on a run.

The fix was to cut the jaws off the boom and put a hole through the end, from which two lines ran laterally and one aft, to the edges of the box on which the boom rested. It was a sorry looking lashup but worked remarkably well. It had enough slop to let the boom run straight forward, which is handy on occasion.

On the way home we checked out some of the other folk. Jack and Heather appeared to have more than enough sail for the Girly Boat but they hadn't reefed yet. Kim allowed as how his Swampscott didn't go to windward too well. Axon chided us for being reefed. I prefer to think it is the essence of good seamanship to check out systems before the need arises.

Before heading across the bay, Steven decided to play through the houseboat field. He managed to get in a fix and we had to fend off with an oar, losing a lot of points. I don't know where the kid learned that kind of stuff.

Come evening it was still whooping and we managed to right Tom's cat, which had spent the day having its bottoms attended to. Our new man Apel was right with the program, whipping up a noodle shrimp alfredo, which was backed up by the Axon's pasta and pesto. Good food, good drink, good company, a nice little fire, perfect weather, the ingredients of a great Kokopelli seemed to be in place.

Saturday: I was still lollygagging about the boat, trying to decide whether to step over the side or jump off the stemhead, when I was hailed by a familiar but totally unexpected face. It was John (a) Denison of the Junction who had said he would try to make it. He had peeled out of the Junction after work, launched by moonlight, and rowed across in the middle of the night. Stout fella, although he later admitted that halfway across he got to wondering if he had gone soft in the head. Jack, on his early morning rounds, had discovered him and sent him across the peninsula on foot to find us.

After b'fast the fleet sailed for the put-in to rendezvous with the second wave of Dewitt Smith, Steve (L'artiste) Case, and a new recruit, Tom's friend, Bob Basham. We had 5 or 6 knots of breeze and were sliding along downwind about even with Dennis in the Old Shoe. We were heavier, laden with two crew and the tank, but had a couple of feet of waterline on him. We had just the barest edge on him. Say what you will about Bolger's boats, they seem to go pretty well. Once on the sand we were surprised to see the 'Shoe still offshore. Seamanship will tell in the end.

Dennis was hung up on his "deep" keel. L'artiste had his big 19' Potter, while Dewitt had forsaken the schooner in favor of the Hampton (MAIB September 15, 2002). It's

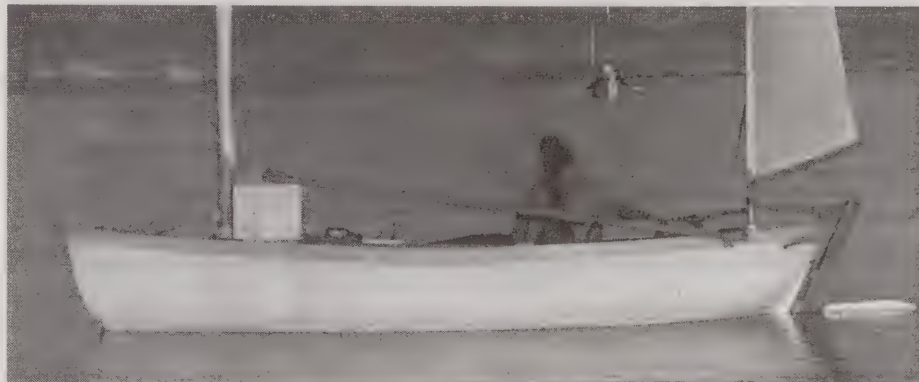
not an ideal boat for this venture, but I admit I once considered it. He got L'artiste to haul some of his gear and a load of that inimitable firewood. Bob Basham had modified his stripper canoe to produce a more suitable Kokoboat. He had hung an outrigger on it and stuck up a Blue Jay rig. What next?

Steve had headed off south to scout the next camp and the rest straggled after. I must say that we were all a bit worried about Steve as he had left his OB in Florida with the big boat dinghy. He seemed his usual ebullient self



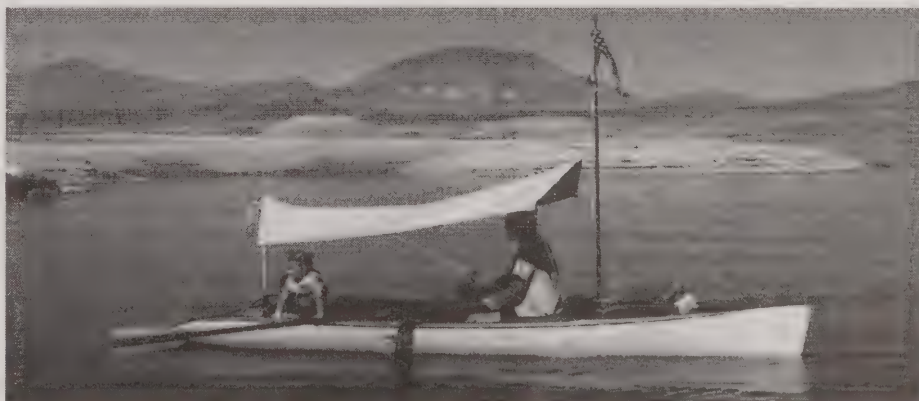
Nina with her booby hatch and boom lashup.

Patching Isotope.



Jack and Heather down by the stern.

Jack's pulling boat.





Big Potter.

and he had Helen to row, but still there was concern.

I had promised to bring mine for his use, but when I went looking for mine it was nowhere to be found. In desperation I dragged out an old Wards Sea King of unknown provenance that I can't remember ever having run. It cranked over. A couple of days before departure, in search of something, I flipped over some insulation and there was the long sought Merc. I assumed that it would need carb work since I had laid it up (actually I laid it down) without running it dry.

I made up some mix and, with Dennis and Roger standing by, gave it a hearty pull. My arm stretched but the cord never budged. Prop neither. Sinking feeling. Pulling the head revealed a rusty cylinder. The engine had only been run an hour or so prior to the Baja trip. I'm guessing the water got into the cylinder on the ride home. Should have squirted oil in the cylinders soon as I got home, better yet, at the takeout. Maybe should have torqued the head bolts after the first run. We threw the Sea King in but at the put-in, after hearing its history, Steve bit his lip and declined.



Ruby.



Sea Pearl hull graphics.

Willy on lookout.



Poop deck sandbox.



About 1600 the fleet was bunching up down near the south end of the bay where we met Axon coming back. He reported no suitable camps within reach ahead. There was a good sized bay at hand and, although the first cove had drawbacks, further in were some attractive little beaches. Consensus was that it would do and, in fact, it was our happy home for three nights.

We had plenty of time to get organized. Many just relaxed, some bordering on catatonic. As I sleep aboard I felt no need to go ashore and continued around the bay pocket hunting. The ideal pocket is small enough to be a challenge but large enough to allow reasonable hope of tacking and a narrow entrance which isn't dead to windward. The first was a piece of cake but the second looked more of a trap with a very narrow entrance.

There seemed to be plenty of room inside and I didn't hold up to windward as I should have, alas, over half the area was too shallow for sailing. Sometimes, if one is alert, one can raise the board and escape, but I conceded and reached for the oars.

In the bilge I had a box of homegrown tomatoes. Many people raised on industrial tomatoes have never tasted a ripe tomato so I thought these would be a treat. I chopped them up and Helen seasoned them to perfection. She then brought out a loaf of bread, case hardened by the desert air, which was browned in olive oil. The dish sold well and I had to zealously guard my pieces soaking in the juice.

The Axons did their Asian curry full of exotic stuff, always a winner. Tom, an old Army cook but hardly a typical one, did bratwurst with champignons (lots of 'em) in a tomato sauce. One of those things, the whole of which goes way beyond the sum of the parts. Sloshed with leftover tomato nectar, it was truly exquisite.

With Dewitt now on board we had a bonfire befitting its iconic status. There were snatches of song finally validated by Ida Ron's stirring rendition of Chunky Clementine. Dennis, as usual, was in good voice. Heather brought a concertina which went round the circle looking for talent, of which there was a disappointing lack. Ruby had an itty bitty accordion which was thrust upon everyone in turn, along with a good bit of instruction. All to no avail.

Ah, Ruby. Every man in the party is a grandpa. She will snag any passing leg and turn it into a lap. She plays no favorites, except maybe Helen got more mud tracked on her than anybody else. At four, she is a gifted conversationalist with a melting smile. However, there may already be tinges of gold digger, as she insisted in jumping from my humble boat to L'artiste's big multicolored Potter when he sailed by.

Poor Willy, her brother, a nice kid with an engaging smile but, alas, a mere boy, will remain forever in the shadow. I could develop this thought into a social theory involving men and boats, but we don't want to get too deep here.

The moon had to climb a high rock to the east before sharing his radiance. I always think of the moon as masculine, because of his face in children's books I guess. A romantic "Queen of the Night" would suit me better. We had a touch of eastern breeze so I reached across the bay convoyed by Ron and Bob. Quelle grande petite soiree!

Sunday: Another glorious day with a very modest little breeze. Dennis flipped pancakes and flung pecans. Ron insisted he had to get back to Idaho and, despite heartfelt arguments to the contrary, sailed away to the north. Steve bummed the Potter engine and ran a hiking tour.

Dewitt moved the Hampton mast 3" aft and retuned the rig. After lunch we paddled her out to check for improvement. We soon had a bit of air and a pleasant sail. In light air the Hampton has it over the rest of the fleet, except the cat, by a wide margin. We met Dennis headed north to pick up his son then paddled back in. After a bit the breeze came back so Dewitt and I jumped in the Nina and set forth. I ran the first pocket and then gave Dewitt the helm, suggesting that he might care to try the second. With my hard earned local knowledge, I thought we stood a good chance.

We came in hard on the wind, allowing ourselves just enough room in the deep part, tacked, and started back out with sail broad off to port. She wouldn't answer the helm and we nosed into the bank. This brought up a little lesson I had "learned," to my embarrassment, a couple of times. I don't mind dinging a power boat but, to be honest, it was inexcusable and tended no doubt to give sailors a bad name. When moving slowly with the main broad off, the wind pressure tends to turn the boat away from the sail. You are trying to counter this turning or turn the opposite way but at slow speed the rudder has little or no effect. If you are lucky you won't hit anything while you are trying to figure out what the problem is. Anyway, one of the goals of these little exercises to sharpen your boat handling skills.

So we hit the bank. I wailed that we had lost again but Dewitt, more experienced and cooler headed, was unperturbed and suggested that we could back out. So saying, he pushed out the main. A sharper hand might have carried it off but I managed to turn around and fetch up against the opposite bank. I once again lamented snatching defeat from the jaws of victory.

100' high water mark.



But wait! She bumped along a little and then a little more. We pulled up the board and tweaked the sail as she scraped along the cobbles 'til, at last, she broke free. Hardly a great score, but we win! Not great seamanship perhaps, but we glass boat guys are a hard-bitten lot. It's like paring epoxy with a fine chisel or cutting paper with the sewing scissors, whatever gets the job done.

Back at the beach Dennis arrived with his son, Hugh, a sterling sort. We had all been shipmates on a run from Calais to Falmouth a couple of years back. Run, phooey! We powered into a head sea for three days straight. The romance of the deep sea is easily evoked sitting in one's small boat, and that is plenty good enough for me,

I know Hugh to be a student of the grape, he had sent three bottles out with Dennis, so I dug out a Cawarra shiraz-cabernet from down under which I had gotten on sale for \$3.99. It was remarkable stuff and I managed to get two more before it disappeared. Everyone was very appreciative, or at least well mannered. Axon showed up to try the last of it but claims he has lost his taste. Too much hot curry maybe. Nonetheless, he refuses to touch white wine. Maybe we can switch him onto grape Kool-aid and save some money.

The tour boat was tardy getting back so Jay found his kitchen in the dark. In spite of the handicap he worked up a noodle dish garnished with a great lot of prefried bacon. This was balanced by a bushel of salad featuring a king's ransom in walnuts.

The moon, learning from experience, climbed up over the lower north side of the rock. The next night the clever fellow popped up further north and missed the rock entirely. I've been seeing the moon rise for some years now and have never noticed this behavior. As a science teacher I used to give the kids fits with questions like, "What does the moon look like if it comes up at noon?" Lots of people will tell you that the moon can't come up at noon! I would guess that the moon on a monthly basis follows much the same path as the sun on a yearly basis, but I really must look into it.

Monday: It's Columbus Day and the three salarymen fill their bellies with hotcakes and sail away for the real world, not without a backward glance I am guessing. Steve snags Dennis' motor and takes the gung-ho hikers on a trip to Lost Eden Canyon and the top of the Waterpocket. Dewitt goes off to the put-in to load supplies for what we later find out to be one of his tour de force productions.

The wind has been building pretty good so I decide to go out and see if to boat will really sail with just the mizzen. Well, it does sort of but won't go to windward at all. After giving up 50 yards I ran ashore in Case's Cove and, after minimal reflection, a nap seemed to be the best option. I have reached a stage where a nap seems to be the default position.

Having napped as long as I decently could, I felt that duty required some show of effort. It was blowing quite steady at 15 or so, hence I determined to take two or three rolls around the mast. The balance of the sail was tightly wound around itself and lashed to the mast with a slipknot.

The big advantage of the jigger (mizzen) is that it holds the boat head to wind while you reef or are otherwise occupied. However, the boat makes sternway and the rudder tends to fall off one way or the other. I have been

promising for years to build a tiller comb or equivalent. It was coming down to the wire this year so I decided, not for the first time, that quick and dirty was the way to go. I cut a piece of 1x6 and beveled the bottom so it would be stable in the upright position when hinged to fold flat. When up, a spring clamp either side of the tiller would hold it just where wanted and would be infinitely adjustable. Simple and effective, so far.

All in readiness, our hero casts off and blows quickly to the middle of the bay where all this innovative development will be put to the test. The jigger is sheeted tightly, the tiller locked on center, and the main is loosed with a firm grip on the clew line. There is instantly a bight of sail full of wind and the mast unwinds with a run. Our crestfallen hero finally gets the clew secured to the end of the boom and sits down spectacularly out of breath, wondering if drowning might have been the easier course. The tiller had kicked the clamp over the side and run off with the rudder.

The sailor's mantra is, "All's well that ends well, or at least without loss of life." Clearly the mast requires a latch. When reefing normally the clew is fastened (to an endless line) so there is some weight in the sail

(we really don't want it luffing) and friction holds the mast where you put it. Just a few refinements and we will have it sorted out.

After some spirited sailing I got to wondering if it might be close to nap time again. The ratio of nap time to sailing time varies widely but changes dramatically as the day advances and the wind builds.

Lolling in my beach chair I descried a sail on the horizon. I expected Dewitt but as it approached it looked odd. When I first saw that he had brought the Hampton I remarked that he would be out of luck if it blew. "No problem," he says. "I've got another jib for a staysail." Sure enough. He brought her in smartly with two jibs. Well, as smartly as you can if you have to jump over the side to save the non-folding rudder.

The tour boat returned, the flatlanders elated at having gained the top of the Waterpocket. Hugh had parlayed a medicine man meeting in SLC into a day of mountain biking in Moab and two days on Powell. He'll never be the same again. Here the log ends.

It's a perverse aspect of human nature that the less one must do, the less one elects to do. I speak only for myself, of course. Here I was laying about, maybe paralyzed from the look of things, and I couldn't even make a note of what was going on. That the memory has decamped goes without saying.

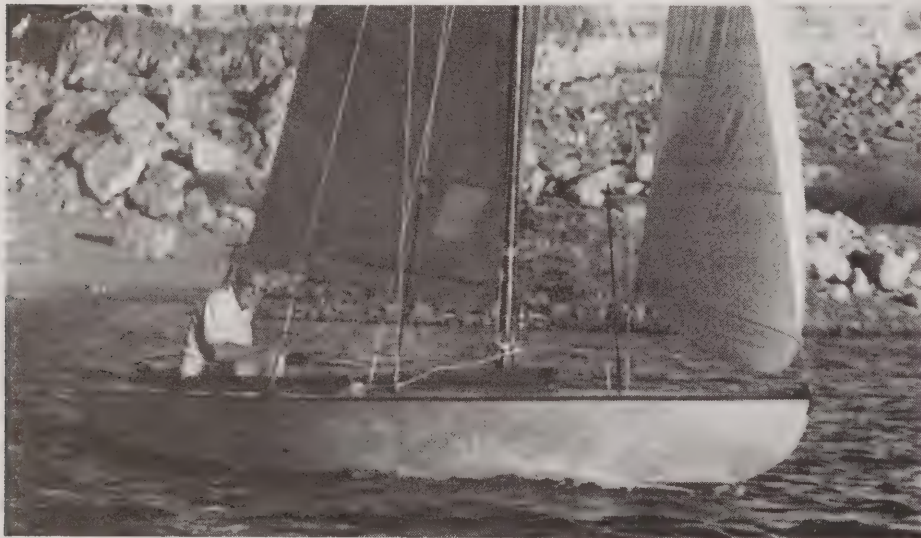
It's Tuesday, a week on the water for the first wave. Each morning here it has been my practice to arise early, unfurl the jigger, and reach with the dependable easterly across the bay to a little beach. She goes like she had eyes, requiring only an occasional adjustment of the board. This performance tickled me greatly. There was method to my madness, or shall we say it was the means to an end.

Pre-trip there was a deal of discussion of how one copes with the debris of digestion. It mustn't be left lying around and can't be put in the lake. The solution is simple. Put it in the Porta Potty. Just how to do that is the crux of the matter. This conundrum probably has its origins in the Garden of Eden. How does one get the stuff in the potty without being obvious? The material doesn't lend itself to stealth. Heather has some hilarious revelations about this matter, but I'll let her tell it. It far predates this discussion in any case.

My first thought was some sort of great coat or cloak but it would take up space and be cumbersome. A shower curtain or barber drape might serve. The potty hat, my next brainstorm, would do the job simply and effectively. This hat clearly identifiable at a distance, would be donned before being seated, and all seeing it would immediately avert their eyes and get very busy doing something. The hat person would be rendered virtually invisible. A sound signal could be incorporated as well.

I featured about a 2' mast with a proper paper streamer. Maybe with a flashing light from some child's toy. I looked forward to the testing of this novel aid to regularity but unfortunately the inspiration came upon me too late to be acted upon. I have no doubt that it would have worked as envisioned.

For a practical matter, at the southern camp there were numbers of large boulders which seemed to attract the geologists amongst us interested in deposition geomorphology. At the northern camp there was a verdant copse of large tumbleweed about a



Dewitt and Hampton.

Southern camp.



100 yards off which held interest for some of the group. Closet botanists, I suppose. Onward and upward.

This evening is our last in this splendid spot. Three nights in one spot is something to be wondered at for the Kokonauts are a restless bunch. I'm not complaining. As each tide pushes me a little farther up into the marsh, I find I don't need much to entertain me.

Tuesday proves to be a long day as we are headed up the bay to our first camp, driven by the odd molecule and fervent wishes. Tom heads home to do battle with the stopwatches. Dennis goes off with Hugh to look for airplanes. He promises to come back.

Jay came with me in Nina. L'artiste started somewhat behind and Dewitt soon worked across to the far side. Surprisingly we were able to stay even with Dewitt and worked out a lead on the Potter. Jay was tactician and frequently on the filler. It was a long day and, although we managed to stay pointed in the right direction, it required some effort to detect motion. We didn't want to be the ones to go for the oars but Jay, clever (devious) fellow, detected a loophole. Fashioning a loop in a line, he plunged overboard and began towing.

I was never much of a swimmer and now feel at risk in a bathtub, so this performance was a revelation. We moved right along with occasional stops to rest, for maybe near a mile I would guess. It was above and beyond. What a shipmate! Dewitt just edged us as we came up to our first camp.

When Dewitt started assembling his tiki lamps I knew were in for a treat. We had to open a real coconut while he deboned a chicken. There were leis for everyone but no ukuleles and no grass skirts for the ladies. This may have been where Jay made margaritas but I'm a little blurred on that. We risked being taken for houseboaters but it was very nice indeed.

Wednesday dawned like every other day. We didn't have any clouds all week which meant no good sunrises or sunsets. Steve and Helen felt that they had to sail for home, taking Jay along. Steve, poor fellow, has kicked over the traces but he organizes such a tight schedule that he is as bad off as the rest of us.

In our travels we had noted a deep cleft in the cliff to our south. Jay explored it with the rowboat and enthusiastically reported some deep slots with a spring. This wanted looking into so as the afternoon rounded up some zephyrs, I recruited Dewitt and off we went with him on the helm. The opening was perhaps 60' wide and we could make out a little beach in the gloom ahead. Looked easy enough. We entered sedately but midway along encountered a venturi effect that gave us a frightening push. The sail was sent straightforward and we arrived with a rush. Beware boats with stays. They limit your options.

We found ourselves on a shingle beach maybe two boat lengths long, from each end of which a narrow crack angled off into the heart of the stone. A great stone uterus! We worked our way up the left hand crack, sideways at times, till we came to a rock fall from which trickled clear water. No doubt the energetic and agile Jay had carried on to the source. The righthand crack would have thrilled a chimney man but didn't appeal to us sidewalk hikers.

There was no thought of sailing out. Everything depended on those two fragile splinters of wood and Dewitt's skill and stamina. The sail was furled and the deck cleared for action. It was a bit of work but didn't really merit the melodramatic telling that tempts me.

My turn for supper so I was into peeling potatoes and apples. There was a small fire and the tiki lamps cast a romantic glow. Palm trees next year?

Thursday was another drifter. We all gave Heather sailing lessons but the lack of wind didn't make for the snappy executions that would have reinforced the instructions. The girl can cover so much ground rowing that she probably wonders why anyone bothers to sail.

After lunch I headed for the take-out, having arranged to meet Dennis at the Thin Man camp. All the troops came along to get me loaded, much appreciated. I found Dennis entertaining a Dutch couple who were touring the States in a small motor home. They were a most attractive couple with good English and lively intellects. Dennis was in his element, expounding on the intricacies of politics, education, etc. We shared a pot of Mr. B's famous potato soup and some marvelous New York white cheddar.

Dewitt, Kim, L'artiste, Jim, Ron, Jack, Dennis, Tom. Crew: Bob, John, Steve, Ruby, Helen, Wily, Jay, Heather.



Epilogue

L'artiste had been looking to sell the big Potter and had even more incentive after buying a Nina hull. John had a hankering for a bigger boat and so they struck a deal. Dewitt ditched his rig in Green River and rode over with Case towing the big Potter. Friday evening found Dennis, Dewitt, Steve, John, and his lovely wife, Cindy, gathered around my wife's table where I served pizza along with the remnants of Hugh's cellar. The trade was consummated next morning and the Kokonauts went their separate ways. A fitting end for a decade of Kokopellis.

Kim, who sweated his trailer tires over the trails of Utah, lost one at night on the interstate of southern California, a harrowing experience. One could argue that the interstates of southern California are as wilderness as anywhere.

Video time. Share the scenery, sailing, and good times of the Kokonauts as they explore Lake Powell. Added bonus: Scenes of Buenos Aires, the Falklands, Cape Horn, and Valparaiso. There are still some long winter nights ahead and this will help. Send now! Eighteen bucks, cash, check, or MO to Koko Video Offer, Grand Mesa Boatworks, 15654 57-1/2 Rd., Collbran, CO 81624.

FIBERGLASS REPLICA CLASSIC SAILBOATS

RAINBOW

12' Cape Cod Catboat



LOA - 12'4"
Beam - 6'2"
SA - 100sf
Displ. 440lbs

Construction

Fiberglass Hull & Deck
Varnished Oak Trim
Bronze Hardware
Wooden Spars

NEW!

Compass

CLASSIC CAT

14' Classic Half-Decked Catboat

Dealer Inquiries Invited

COMPASS CLASSIC YACHTS, INC.

Box 143, S. Orleans, MA 02662 * (508) 255-5187, (508) 240-1032
(Shop @ 80 Rayber Rd., Orleans, MA)

BAYBIRD

18' Gaff Sloop



LOA 18' 0"
Beam - 5'6"
SA - 145sf
LWL - 16'
Draft 0'8"

Isle Royale offers many coves and harbors to explore when you are in a small boat like a sea kayak or canoe. The first time I visited this pristine wilderness island I was astounded to find a restaurant, a hotel, house-keeping cabins, and lots of hikers. I carried my little 33-lb. Solo canoe and bags up over the portage from Rock Harbor into Tobin Harbor where the little pontoon air planes fly in from the mainland. Across was the famous Duncan Portage, considered the portage from hell. I hefted my canoe for the first carry. I would be back for a bag or two. Paddles were tied into the canoe along with painters and a sponge fastened to the handle of a cut off small milk jug.

Up and up went the trail. Over roots, rocks, pebbles, sand, boulders, and up and up and up, and down and down and over moose droppings, and wound between boulders where I had to leave the canoe because it didn't fit until I lifted it differently, and sweated and swatted mosquitos and listened to the wavelets on the north side of the Island. Finally a great blue expanse grew as I slid and foot fumbled my way down the last 100' or so to the shore. The beauty of Lake Superior dotted with fir clad islands and exposed rocks has to be seen to be believed. I walked right out into the water until I floated under the canoe. The cold water quieted the bug bites and aching dogs from the grunting shank's mare trip.

With the canoe firmly tied and stashed off the path in the woods I made two trips with gear across the portage, a total of about five miles. It felt more like ten miles with all the ups and downs over the Greenstone trail and other high ridges of rock, firs, blueberry shrubs, and always being on the lookout for moose and wolves, swatting bugs, and drinking up all my water. Back with the canoe I filtered more water, loaded the canoe, and cast off.

The first night was at Duncan Harbor where there are two shelters like the three-sided ones the Adirondacks or Appalachian Trail provides. On Isle Royale the fourth side is metal screen with hardware cloth on the lower half. A screen door banging means the shelter is occupied. When the two fill up it's tenting time at the tent meadow provided. Pit toilets and picnic tables are at each boat harbor dockage or camping site. I found an empty shelter, dumped the gear, and went swimming in the very cold water before I could cool off too much. It feels good, almost like after a sauna, if you swim when perspiring. And sweat not dried on clothes rinses off. Once dried on you need soap for removal.

I put up a clothes line, changed into dry duds, put the stove out, made tea, and sat back full of pride. "I can portage that little beastie," I thought. Although I have canoed since I can remember, this was my first portage, the hardest one on the island some say. As supper boiled I looked out at a great sunset while sitting on the dock. No boats came in so it was my private dining room. In the distance something crashed in the woods. Soon a moose entered the water and became visible near the mouth of a small creek that dumps into Duncan Bay. Ah, Isle Royale and lingering twilight soothed my sore and tired body. Soon I rolled into my bag before the light was gone. Another good solo day.

As I drifted off an image came to me behind my eyes, the image of a running wolf

The Solo Of Mystic Experiences

Part 2

By Anne J. Westlund

silhouetted against the flames of a campfire where people were talking and laughing. The wolf flew by and they were not paying attention to his magical visit as he winked at me. "I had passed some sort of initiation," I murmured.

Another time, cruising around the island's 110-mile shoreline, I was in my sea kayak on another solo trip. I got up early to leave in the near light of dawn so I could make miles while there was no wind. Three days of wind and waves on the nose was enough. By going early I would avoid a lot of the wind effects that most always come up and blow by 1100 hours. As I paddled the flat calm toward Houghton Point coming out of Malone Bay I felt as if the kayak was splitting glass. What happened next was as if it and I were splitting dimensions.

Because the water is quite clear, as in crystal clear, you can see bottom if it isn't too deep. You can often achieve the sensations of flying off a cliff as the huge rock formations go suddenly deeper and you, by all feelings, fly up into the air! Then another time as the bottom comes up quickly as it shallows the sensation is of going downhill really fast, sort of like skiing. I love paddling in such clear waters with great rocky bottoms. The contrasts between the colors of the water and the rocks, the shallows and the deeps, is a painter's pallet of multi-hued facets of waterborne jewels.

Houghton Point is capped by Houghton Mountain. It is a small mountain by most standards, but large for Michigan and the Midwest. The peninsula it's on is home to some of the small packs of wolves that reside on Isle Royale and dine on moose. It is one of the wildest places on the island and seldom visited by foot or boat by anyone. Even the wolf researchers don't often go there. As I approached the shoreline to skirt the end of the point it felt as if the kayak and I were parting some sort of curtain. It was a spiritual experience unlike any I have had. Vertigo, I thought, due to the calm water. Nope. Sight and sensations of gravity were all in normal phases, the kayak and I were level, moving straight ahead. Yet there seemed to be this ripple in the air curtain, a feeling of leaving but still sitting in the kayak, a sensation beyond words, not of floating but of leaving. Was I dying? Nope, still felt the hard seat and the cold water chill through the bottom of the kayak.

Almost as fast as saying, "What," I back paddled. I stopped the forward motion through the curtain. I breathed deeply, resting on the paddle shaft I had put across the spray skirt. The kayak drifted backwards until it lost all momentum. I sat and stared, waiting for the curtain to wiggle again. After some minutes I picked up the paddle and continued on, making a slight curve more to the NE to avoid that interdimensional place where I could have "left" or "gone missing." I won-

dered if Isle Royale has it's own Triangle that I didn't know about.

The fog rolled in as I paddled up the lane between a multitude of islands near Rock Harbor on Isle Royale on another trip, a different canoe, and another misty day. I've decided places with shelters to camp in tell you how much it rains there! If you want to stay dry, don't go to places without those shelters that are so wonderful to camp in. Approaching Government Island, with all its buildings and boats, park headquarters, staff housing, library and collections storage, dining hall, workshops, and ranger boats, I ducked behind another tiny islet covered with too many balsam to count. As I pulled away from the tiny piece of land, a movement in the dense fog caught my eyes. I strained to see ahead in the distance. I pulled out my amber Polaroid sunglasses and put them on in spite of the fog and misty drizzle, hoping my rain hat would keep spots away as I was having trouble believing what I was seeing.

Out of the fog came a full rigged barkentine. It was under full sail and had a white frothy bone in her bows. Where I was paddling there was little if any wind. "How can that be," and then, out loud, "What the hell?" The boat sailed without a sound right into the forested shore line of Government Island's south side about midway up the island. "Holy Cow!" I shouted, "Holy, Holy Cow!"

Then it was gone. All that remained was just fog shrouding the stony shore's balsams and firs, birches and bushes. I paddled slowly closer, slowly, slowly. When abeam and about 20' from shore, I looked and looked, with and without the sunglasses. I scanned the shore with my tiny binoculars. There was no sign or sound of any other boats or people. I'd seen a ghost ship or overexercised my imagination in the deceptive nature of a gray, foggy day.

And, to cheat a little, when paddling in tandem are you solo if you are solo in your own boat? I think so, even if there are two people and two sea kayaks. One day paddling along the north shore of Lake Superior, making our way from Marathon to Wawa, Ontario, we were near the famed Puckasawa Pits. These rock circular walls are upstanding on the high water lines of the shingled shores about 50 miles from either Wawa or Marathon. The entire 113-mile shoreline is wilderness in the grandest and greatest meaning of the word. There's no way to walk out due to the rugged nature of the mountains and rocky cliffs, huge rivers, and distances. It's entirely possible no one has ever walked parts of that shoreline, especially a little inland from the water's edge. It is a cold and forbidding shoreline with an almost sterile quality due to the extremely cold waters and northern latitude where long, severe winters are normal. Some woodland caribou linger in this region and further north, but on lands not quite so exposed as this old Canadian Shield country.

Spiritual places abound on Lake Superior, on the water and the shoreline lands. It is famous for its rock paintings and artifact sites from aboriginal cultures such as the Devils' Chair and Agawa Rocks. Along with the pits you find boulders the size of huge watermelons for a takeout place to go examine the pits. Getting to shore and saving your legs and the kayaks is a chore. That being the

case, the sudden appearance of a sandy beach was a more than welcome sight. Along the coast fog moves in and out from the shoreline as if the lake were breathing. The ocean does this, too. No other Great Lake I've been on does this in my experiences. Lake Superior is the Great Lake I call Mother Superior because she is.

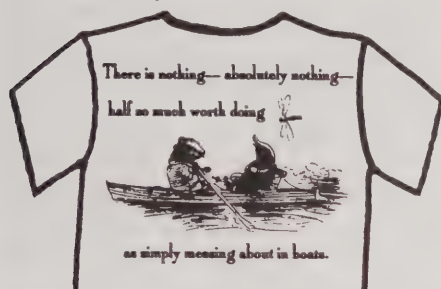
We paddled along the beach keeping some distance out. The light was such I couldn't see bottom. I had no real idea of how far away from the edge I was nor how deep

the water was. I called to my friend that I could see people on the beach but no boats. No reply came. I continued on silently. One of my "things" is to try to be absolutely silent on the water so I can see more wildlife. Another reason for this ploy is that it is challenging to do that, especially on calm water and when it is foggy. I watched the people moving aimlessly along the beach edge and the fog thickened suddenly. A chill shook its way down my spine.

Suddenly the person I was watching be-

came a Herring gull with his soft and beautiful chest, striking white head, yellow legs, and feet, black marks on his wings. He pointed his beak at me and looked hard with his black beady eyes. He looked 6' tall. My paddle blade hit the sandy bottom and spooked me, I grunted, he flew, and it was all an illusion. No people on the beach, no foot prints, no evidence of my imagined group of people. They were all winging away into the air.

(To Be Continued)



Simply Messing About In Boats

Nautical Apparel & Accessories


from

The Wind in the Willows

The Design Works


toll free 877-637-7464

www.messingabout.com

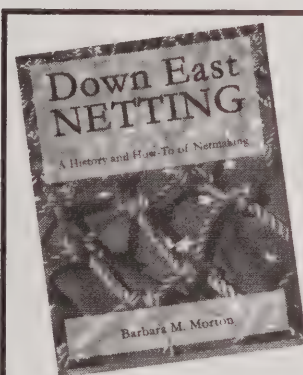


SunCat **COM-PAC**
14' Picnic Cat
17' Sun Cat
Other models
in stock

FERNALD'S MARINE
On the River Parker
Rt. 1A, Newbury, MA 01951
(978) 465-0312



ALDEN OCEAN SHELL & STAR
APPLEDORE POD
MAAS AERO & 24
TRINKA 8, 10 & 12 DINGHIES
EASTERN 18 COMMERCIAL OB
BRIDGES POINT 24
THULE RACKS
ROWING INSTRUCTION
55 Spicer Ave., Noank, CT 06340
(860) 536-6930



Down East Netting

by Barbara Morton

The definitive book on net making for craftsmen, artists, and mariners.

29 Practical Projects • 40 Photographs

82 Illustrations • 143 Pages

\$19.95 + \$5.00 S&H

To Order Online:

www.peasouppublishing.com

Send Check to: Pea Soup Publishing

P.O. Box 411, Vinalhaven, ME 04863



NAVIGATOR

a John Welsford design

Catalog of 20+ Welsford plans - \$15 ppd

DUCKWORKS

608 Gammenthaler

Harper, TX 78631

Duckworks Boatbuilder's Supply

www.duckworksbbs.com

"everything for the
home boatbuilder"



[articles/forums/photos/more](#)

www.duckworksmagazine.com

Sherpa

A John Welsford design

9' 0" x 4' 7"



'Sherpa', a new design by New Zealand boat designer John Welsford, combines easily-driven lines with a surprising amount of capacity; this is a big small boat. Oars, sail or power — all are satisfying experiences.

Our kits are precision-cut by CNC routers from BS1088 mahogany plywood. Fastenings and fittings are bronze, stainless steel and nylon. They assemble easily on a furnished building jig along with our illustrated building manual.

Drop us a line or e-mail for free color brochure.



**KENT ISLAND
BOAT WORKS**

www.kiboatworks.com

410-604-6268

100 Pier Avenue, Ste. 2, Stevensville, MD 21666

Messer Hive Discovered

By Robb White

I just got back from a long road trip all the way down below Tampa Bay. Whew, that was uncharacteristic of me, but Jane went with me and fed me little slices of cheese and dried venison jerky and apples so it wasn't all that bad. I had agreed to talk to a little maritime museum, Florida Gulf Coast Maritime Museum at Cortez (P.O. Box 100, Cortez, FL, 34215, (941) 704-8598...Roger Allen, Director). Even though the book publisher never got around to promoting my book, I have had a good many kind invitations to speak (?) at various places like that, but they don't send the Disney corporate jet to transport me nor put me up in the fanciest motel in the place. I have to provide my own transportation and stay at the Day's Inn. This time I had to drive my old raggedy diesel truck because a very kind man had decided to give me a big, heavy, old, gasoline marine engine.

I have always had a fascination for old slow speed engines and, when I first got out of the Navy, I wrote off for the brochure of the quintessential ace of those things. Easthope Bros. in British Columbia was still building a line of true anachronisms in the early '60s. I guessed that they built them to run in little salmon trollers as described in Mike McConnell's book, *Hand Troller*. You know a man who had to listen to his engine all day might prefer one of the old fashioned slow speed engines and not be all that hepped up on converting to a clattering diesel that sounds like it is breaking connecting rods every time it hits the rock hard top of each compression stroke.

I vowed that I would build me a boat and put one of those Easthope engines in it but, though I always keep the old brochure handy, I have never gotten around to getting my situation stabilized so that I could do it. Easthope quit building engines in the early '80s and I thought I was too late...then I got to communicating with a messer down in Bradenton and found out that he had taken an Easthope out of his boat when he installed a diesel engine and still had the old engine. He also lined up the museum project and offered to put us up for the weekend. Now that's a kind sort of a person and it is heartening to know that there are such people still lurking in the shadows of all this modern, self-imposed nonsense.

Jane and I loaded our traveling junk in the old truck and headed on down. It was freezing cold and the heater core of the old truck had rusted out years ago so we had to bundle up. We also let the old truck roll and the speedometer was wore out, too, so I don't know how fast we were rolling but we were rolling on down almost empty old U.S. 19. Back when I was young I used to go to south Florida every now and then for adventure.

Getting on old 19 always made me feel like my whole life was ahead and fixing to start happening. Florida had a welcome center at the state line and the pretty girls gave you a Dixie cup of orange juice, asked you if you wanted the scenic route or the quick route, and marked a map for you as they explained the various attractions along the way. Of course, Florida has wasted itself so bad now, and that place is a liquor store, but the old road is still there and, since the construction of wretched 175, is almost empty.

You can still see the ruins of the tourist trap motels like the Brahma Motel and Steak

House in Perry. One time my mother and my two sisters and I rode the old road in a 36hp Volkswagen all the way to the Keys, and I'll tell you about that trip in a minute but one of the first tourist traps on the way south (who was "Stucky" and what happened to him) was a thing called a Tropical Animal Jungle. They had a board fence along the road and a gate with a woman who looked like she might have escaped from the circus or a carnival who sold you a ticket to get behind the fence. In there were a bunch of little animals in wire cages. One was a coati mundi...sort of a Central American version of a long-nosed coon and I thought he was fascinating. The man of the woman (might have been a Gypsy) wanted 15 bucks for him so I had to decline.

Anyway, we were heading to the tropics and there were no attractions at all anymore and it was cold so we rolled on. You know Florida is a push up state. What they don't push up and elevate into trash, they push up and turn into nothing. I guess it was the pulpwood boom or something that made them turn woods into wretched ruination, but you can certainly see plenty of ruination on the way south on old U.S. 19 and, then when you get down around Clearwater, you can see the other push up...tacky looking condos pushed up to the sky.

It was so cold and the truck was so drafty that I wasn't able to take my gloves off until we got below Old Town. Jane kept her hands in her pockets except when she was feeding me like a baby bird. I tell you what, it was cold. Of course, I am not trying to attract the compassion of people who live way up there where cold is sure enough cold and where a thermostat is a necessity, but it gets cold in Florida. The coldest I ever was in my life was standing on the runway at Mayport, Florida, with the north wind whipping the bell bottoms of my whites around my shanks while I waited for a P2V to finally taxi around to take me back to Puerto Rico.

We finally got down to a latitude that allowed the clear day's sun to warm things up a little bit but the thrill was gone. The first sign you see on old 19 of the modern Florida is the cooling towers of the nuclear power plant at Crystal River. Those strobe lighted monsters are the first thing you see when crossing the Gulf in a boat, too, and they are a sobering sight. The city of Crystal River has enormous sirens just like they had in London back during the blitz so as to warn the populace to flee in case of a melt down, but the traffic is so thick that I don't think they could flee far enough soon enough. They test those sirens all the time so I guess the accelerating wail of "Wolf" has those people immune to panic, sort of like how the stench of the paper plant in Perry has those people immune to stench.

We saw a little airplane circling one of the towers and tried our best to hurry on, but the stop lights were so close together and the traffic was so sluggish that we just had to do like the rest of them and play like we were immune. We were glad to get on the 70mph

toll road that carries straight into downtown Tampa and then across the bridge to St. Pete. The traffic in Tampa was bumper to bumper and moving about 70 and half of the people didn't look like they should be trusted to drive a car to me. Anyway, we made it to the foot of the Sunshine State Skyway and, with that, I'll tell you the story about my mother and my two sisters and me in the 36hp Volkswagen.

My mother and my two sisters and I decided to take a trip to South Florida right after the skyway was built in the '50s. We had this Volkswagen with a great horned owl in the front. We had agreed to haul him off for this ornithologist who was in the middle of a lifetime survey of emigrating birds, and the way he was doing it was to pick up all the dead birds that had hit the guy wires of the thousand foot TV tower up on the Georgia line where I come from. The damned owl was eating the man's little birds before he could enter them into the data and he had already caught him twice and hauled him off but the owl always came back.

I couldn't understand all the logic of the situation because this man shot birds all the time and stuffed them for museums all over the world. You know, a bird is a bird unless they are scarce or something and there have always been plenty of owls around there. There are more barred owls than horned owls but neither is in any danger of extinction as long as South Florida stays down there. I guess he was just doing a homing owl experiment.

We had the owl under the hood of the VW in a croker sack and were intending to take him all the way to the Keys, but he got to stinking so bad up under there that it was an ordeal to open the hood and a woman had glared at us the last time we stopped for gas. Then we hit the Skyway. That damned Volkswagen would barely pull the thing wide open in second gear and certainly wouldn't maintain the minimum 40mph speed so the law got us. While he was writing the ticket he noticed the stench of the owl coming out from under the hood and became alarmed that we might be hauling a dead body, so he called in reinforcements and shut down the whole southbound lane of the bridge. Whew, it was a mess, and when we finally got off the damned thing and our police escort left, we stopped and turned that damned owl aloose...right there in downtown Bradenton. He beat us back to Georgia, too.

The original skyway was hit by a ship not too long ago. I don't see how he managed to do it. You could drive a good sized town through the channel they had but it disabled the thing and they had to build another one. I know the absence of that marvel of highway engineering discommoded the stuffing out of all the people who commute across the bay all the time like they do, but the new bridge was finished (?...I don't think they ever finish a new highway or bridge in Florida).

When we got onto the approach ramp for the thing we saw a big, rusty ship coming in. Because I couldn't see the stern to make out the registry so I could notice if it was from Colon, Panama, or Monrovia, Liberia, and know that it was a good old patriotic American ship, I decided to pull off at the little rest area they maintain at the foot of the bridge so old ladies can take a final tinkle so they won't wet their britches when they get to the top of

that bridge and the wind gets to swaying it and yawing the car and they look down far enough to give anybody the altophobia. When the ship got through safely, we started the climb and no, dammit, the old diesel Dodge didn't have any trouble maintaining the minimum speed at all. Despite all them miles it still remembers what it used to could do and we were soon in Bradenton at the home of our gracious host.

He had a bunch of pretty boats and a bunch of nice friends with even more pretty boats and fascinating objects. The city of Bradenton has a complete time capsule of a boat shop just like you would find "down" east somewhere and the man fired up the old Fairbanks Morse horizontal engine that drove the overhead line shaft and slipped the belts over on the drive pulleys of all the machines so I could see them run. I didn't tell him that I had something like a similar obsolete setup back home except that I didn't have any idler pulleys to hold the belt so I could shut off the machines one at the time.

What you do is kick the belt off the drive pulley so it runs on a free wheeling pulley adjacent to the drive. You know a flat belt will stay in the center of a crowned sheave most miraculously even if the belt isn't lined up exactly right. A nontracking belt sander can be cured by dressing the rubber wheel so it has a little more crown to it. Anyway, they had an interesting table saw with a foot pedal that swung the blade back to cut off sort of like an upside down radial arm saw.

It was a superior rig to the miter gauge on a modern table saw. You just positioned the board, held it still, and stepped on the pedal and the blade moved through it sort of like a DeWalt except it wasn't able to climb and bind like a radial armsaw. I admired it. The little bandsaw was a 20" Silver Manufacturing Co. (Salem, Ohio) just exactly like mine. It was a fascinating place.

Overall we wandered around under a very capable escort all Friday afternoon and all the next day before time to mumble my little speech. I got to visit with the remarkable Mac McCarthy down the road in Sarasota. You know he has taught over 300 people how to build strip planked boats and is still at it. I was a little bit timid about going to see him because I have had a little vicarious association with him from time to time. Whenever some amateur comes to me to get a little free advice, I always refer them to Mac.

You know a person can hardly do better (in my humble opinion) than build a McCarthy Wee Lassie for a first boat. So many people have done it that the system has been perfected down to a finite science. One man I foisted off on Mac was the type to fool around a long time on a project and make excessive plans and overdo the consultation part of it before he ever starts actually doing anything. He fooled around on the internet and bought a secondhand McCarthy Wee Lassie kit that some other person had fooled around with before deciding to go back to the TV and watch some more Roland Martin and New Yankees instead of actually building a boat.

I knew this man had that tendency and felt bad about pushing him off on Mac, but I did it anyway. He kept on with the consulting and phoning and I wasn't even off the hook because he lives right around here so about twice a day he would show up with a

little piece of virgin wood from the kit with a bunch of questions despite the fact that he had McCarthy's perfectly clear instructions from which hundreds of rank amateurs have built fine little boats without once touching the telephone. I kept telling him to follow the instructions and tried to hear his car so I could slip out the back door and hide the bushes.

Finally he cornered me and said, "You know Mac McCarthy has sort of a grumpy style personality." I couldn't help myself. I forgot the exact words but I told him that if somebody were to call me up all the time to get advice about building something that I didn't sell him, I might be a little grumpy, too. Anyway the man never did build the kit but he certainly had a lot of hours in it and the sticks were pretty well traveled.

I found Mac to be a very kind and knowledgeable man just about like all us old boatbuilders. He is, in my opinion, a lot less grumpy style than me. But of course he lives down there where there is a regular hive of messers and I live up here in the metal flake zone. You know I think I am the only person in this county with a sailboat!

Anyway, the speech time came and I was flabbergasted. Every single one of the attendees at the Cortez museum was a subscriber to this magazine. I could tell immediately by the skeptical look in their eyes when they spied me. We ate a dinner of most excellent fried mullet (you know Cortez is a little anachronistic fishing village completely encapsulated by modern South Florida) and I read them a few little ribald tales and they laughed and then they asked me a bunch of highly technical questions.

While all this was going on, I noticed that one man was glaring at me in a most venomous way. I thought it was plywood related but come to find out he had spied my little bottle of water that I had been sipping to lubricate my vocal chords so I could explain the various variations in the ways I heat epoxy. Finally he said, "Here you are going on and on about the ridiculousness of conspicuous consumption and ostentation and there on the table is a bottle of store bought water that was imported all the way from Fiji to satisfy some extravagant whim."

I know he thought I was the worst kind of hypocrite. I tried to tell him that it was a secondhand bottle left over from some Republican or Democrat at coast house week and filled with some of the five gallons of Georgia deep well water without which I never go anywhere, but he was mad. I love those water bottles The little 16-oz. Fiji bottle is square shaped so it won't roll off the car seat and is my favorite.

Early Sunday morning we headed back across the skyway with the old Easthope in the back. Despite that extra 800 pounds, the old Dodge kept up with the best of them all the way to Crystal River. After that we took side trips to check out every boat ramp on the Gulf of Mexico and there aren't that many of them.

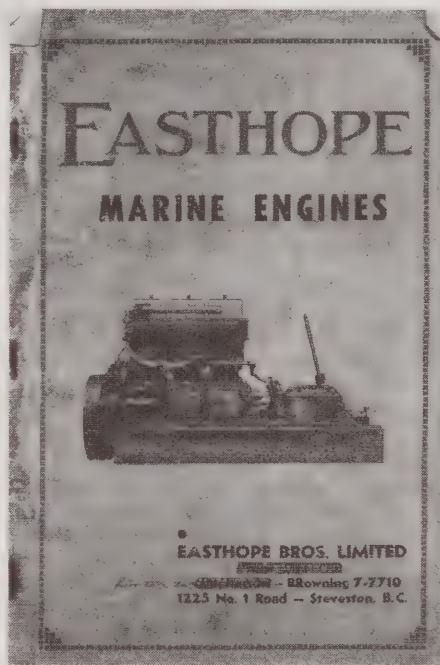
That is surely the most lost coast in this country. The water is too shallow and rocky for most people and the land is low and apt to flood out in hurricanes but it is pretty. There are thousands of little cedar and cabbage palm islands scattered all over the place and plenty of fish and crabs and oysters. If them damned cooling towers weren't looming over the scene it would be beautiful.

If you want to get a hint of what I am talking about, the boat ramp at the end of the pretty little Withlacoochee River below Yankeetown is about the best example. When you look at that river, imagine me pushing a 76,000bbl gasoline barge up there with an 85' tug...tricky business but we did it all the time. The St. Marks River is worse than that.

The Easthope Longstroke


It is (I believe...my literature is a little out of date) a two-cylinder, four-cycle gasoline engine of 191 cubic inches. The bore is 4-1/2" and the stroke is 6". It puts out 10hp at 500rpm and 18hp at 800rpm. It turns a 21" x 15" wheel with no reduction and weighs 800 lbs. This one is battery ignited but they came optional with a Wico magneto (or both). It has a little Zenith updraft carburetor that looks exactly like the one on my Farmall Cub tractor. Though it had been sitting around for a long time, it is not very rusty and is not stuck. I bet I can have it running in just a little while...but then what the hell am I going to do with it?

Oh well...I'll have to let you know when I make up my mind.



PRECISION

New 15' Ballast Keel
15' C.B.
16"- B.K.
18' - 21' 23'



FERNALD'S MARINE

Rt. 1A, Newbury, MA 01951
(978) 465-0312



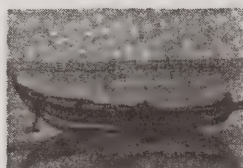
EXETER MARITIME MUSEUM OF BOATS

The Maritime Museum in Exeter has the largest collection of working boats in the world, and is still growing. It is to be found on the banks of the River Exe in the heart of the city and only five minutes from the cathedral. It is housed in a number of historic warehouses and in the Exeter Canal (dug in 1566).

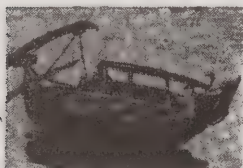
The craft in this catalogue are in numerical order, the number of each boat being found on the longer explanation that accompanies each boat.

This catalog lists all the boats in the possession of the Museum. Some of them are not on display, and others may be withdrawn for maintenance or sailing. The mention of a boat does not therefore imply that it is on display. Please enquire if there is one which you are particularly keen to see.

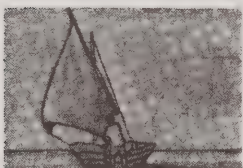
Notice: this museum is no longer in existence.



- 71. BATEIRA** A very common type of general purpose sailing boat from central Portugal. It has a standing lug sail and lee-boards which are roped to the mast, but are not fixed to the side of the boat in any way.



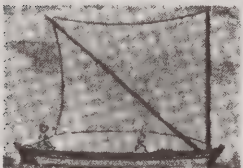
- 72. RABÃO** A small version of the now no longer used Douro Wine Boat or Barco Rabello. Clinker built but with no keel. The long steering oar is to provide steerage at slow speeds through fast running river.



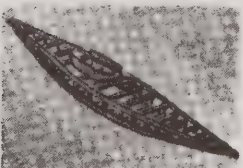
- 73. MASSEIRA** Probably entirely indigenous in origin from north-west Spain and Portugal, used for fishing. A similar craft in design is used as a tender on many northern Portuguese motor fishing boats.



- 74. TAIWAN SAMPAN** An unusual rudder, not suitable for shallow water, provides lateral resistance as well as a steering surface. Used for fishing.



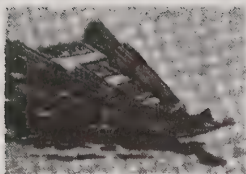
- 75. CAYMAN ISLAND CATBOAT** A small spritsail rigged fishing boat, reputedly deriving its rig from visiting British ships in the 18th century.



- 76. LABRADOR KAYAK FRAME** This boat was built by Nikodemus Itulak, assisted by an Englishman, David Bethell. It is of the heavier type of non-rolling kayak, but has never been covered.



- 77. BRITANNIA** The boat in which John Fairfax became the first man ever to row across the Atlantic alone, taking 180 days to row from the Canary Islands to Florida.



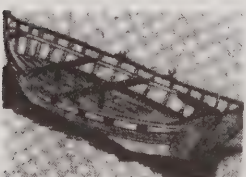
- 78. CORFU REED BOAT** This boat was built by Nicholas Mighalas Tzamis, who was 70 when he built it in 1976. It is probably the last reed boat to be built in Europe. Presented by the "Chronicle" programme of the BBC.



- 79. IRRAWADDY SAMPAN** Used as a ferry in the Rangoon area, rowed by a standing man facing forward and pushing on crossed oars. Presented by Michael Ellison of the Amateur Yacht Research Society.



- 80. PORTUGUESE COD FISHING DORY** Used in thousands at one time for cod-fishing on the Newfoundland Banks, they were stacked one inside another on the decks of their parent ships. This boat came from the schooner ARGUS and was presented by Senhor Albano Nogueira. The Portuguese Ambassador who opened the Ellerman Collection.



- 81. CASCAIS CHATA, LISBON** The Museum has five Cascais Chatas, three presented by Heavitree Brewery. They are beach-launched fishing boats and are painted as they are found on the beach at Cascais. They are available for hire to visitors for use on the canal and river.



- 82. FOURERN, SHETLAND** The fourern is essentially a light rowing boat, but is also a good sailer using a single lug. Its larger cousin the sixern, is now extinct but both bear witness to their Scandinavian ancestry, being double ended and clinker built. The Fourern ANNIE was given to the Museum by Mrs. Peggy Vincent as a memorial to her husband.



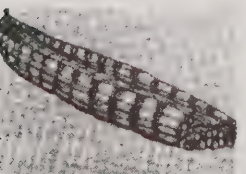
- 83. ROUND BRITAIN KAYAK** In May, 1970 Geoff Hunter set out to canoe round Britain. In the Solway Firth the expedition nearly ended when Geoff lost his paddle and had to spend the night clinging to a buoy. The boat was too badly damaged to continue and Geoff finished the voyage in another boat. This is his first boat, NIMROD.



- 84. COLLAPSIBLE RAIDING CANOE** A post war example of a commando raiding canoe, the dimensions of which are governed by the need to carry it in a submarine. The outriggers are on adjustable arms.



- 85. JOLIE BRISE** Probably still the world's most famous ocean racer, JOLIE BRISE won the first Fastnet Race in 1925 and again was outright winner in 1929 and 1930. She is owned by the Museum but during the season is sailed and maintained by Dauntsey's School Sailing Club. She will usually be in the Museum from October to March. JOLIE BRISE was designed as a pilot cutter and was built at Le Havre in 1913.



- 86. AMBATCH REED BOAT, LAKE BARINGO, KENYA** Lake Baringo in northern Kenya produces a very thick, extremely light reed, the length varying according to the depth of water where the reeds are growing. The longer the reed the better the boat. These boats, which are technically rafts, weigh less than 30lbs (13kilos). Three of these boats were presented to the Museum by Mr. James Gee and his wife Dr. Ruby Gee in 1978.

International Legalities

Seaborne trade worldwide in 2002 was 5.89 billion tons, bettering the record set in 2000. A European Commission investigation into whether liner conferences should continue to benefit from antitrust immunity revealed that most European shippers are prepared to accept the consequences of a free market. Belgian ship owners are reviving that flag's fortunes by beginning to transfer vessels to the new Belgian National Ship registry. The U.S. Coast Guard is unhappy that compliance with its two mandatory ship reporting systems for Right Whale protection is low, at 64% and 43%, and civil penalties may be invoked.

The International Maritime Organization seems to have adopted the position of European nations with regard to an accelerated phaseout of single-hulled tankers although the IMO Secretary General begged for a global approach to the problem. Now most single-hulled tankers must be scrapped by 2010 although some can stay around until 2015 or until they reach 25 years of age. Single-hulled tankers may not carry heavy oils after April 2005 and the Condition Assessment Scheme will be extended. Russia warned that a unilateral approach to maritime regulation ala the EU action on single-hulled tankers would endanger the principle of freedom of the seas.

Prestige

A year afterwards, extensive investigations have failed to show why the tanker sank. The European Parliament's Temporary Committee on Improved Safety at Sea demanded that Spain allow the *Prestige's* master to appear before them. He has been under house arrest since the sinking and subsequent oil spill. The Spanish delegate said Spain would make the same decision not to allow a *Prestige* to enter a Galician port if it happened again even though new EU legislation makes it compulsory to offer ports of refuge to a vessel of distress.

Tasman Spirit

Polembros Shipping, the tanker's owner, faces an amazing \$5.8 billion claim in a new suit filed with the Sindh High Court over the oil spill in Karachi Harbor. Meanwhile, the seven Tasman Spirit crew members, who have been under house arrest in a Karachi five-star hotel without charges being placed, despair of ever being freed although the American P&I Club continued to urge the Pakistani government and the Karachi Port Trust to set up a compulsory framework to solve the case to be settled. Malta and Greece also appealed for the crew's freedom. Smit International may remove the wreck but other salvage firms showed no interest as long as Tsaviris' salvage master Nikos Pappas, who was in charge of removing the oil cargo, remained under arrest.

Cruise Ships

The families of eight Filipinos killed by last May's boiler explosion aboard the cruise ship *Norway* claimed that they have not received any of some \$350,000 collected from fellow employees by the Norwegian Cruise Line two months after the explosion. NCL said it had established a board to decide how the monies should be used, probably for scholarships and vacations. An attorney representing the dead and injured said NCL had

Beyond the Horizon

By Hugh Ware

offered \$11 million to settle lawsuits. The explosion has cost NCL \$9.2 million in loss-of-hire coverage and related expenses.

Hard Knocks

At Albany, NY, the small (289', 2386gt) heavy-lift ship *Stellamare* had loaded one massive unit of power generating equipment into its hold and was lifting a second 300 ton piece when the vessel almost silently rolled outwards and laid on its side in the icy Hudson River. One crane operator was thrown into the river while another operator clung to the ship's side. The nearby tugboat *Rhea L. Bouchard* rescued both. Of the crew of 18, three went missing and two were seriously injured. The vessel is owned by Jumbo Shipping and is Dutch flagged.

In the Sea of Azov the Russian tugboat *Admiral Nahkimov* sank. Its crew was rescued. But at Helsinki, the 217 ton harbor tug *Pegasos* tipped on its side and sank while it and the tug *Poseidon* were assisting the container ship *MSC Hina*. One of three crewmen was missing. The *Pegasos* was built in Sweden in 1967 and is owned by Alfons Håkans Ltd.

At Port Chalmers, New Zealand, wharries found that the Hong Kong flagged, 1984 vintage bulkern *Maritime Friendship* did not live up to its name. First, two 4m metal deck stanchions used to retain a deckload of logs snapped off while logs were being loaded and about 40 stanchions had to be replaced. Then the jib of the #2 crane broke and dropped its load of logs onto the wharf. Workers on the ship and wharf dodged for their lives. Finally, the International Transport Federation started investigating charges that the crew is only being paid 25-50% of the wages agreed upon. The wharries refused further work on the ship until satisfied it was safe to do so and don't want to ever see the vessel again, but the Maritime Safety Authority said it didn't have the resources to check the seaworthiness of every ship.

The Bosphorus Straits are struggling. Tanker traffic has doubled in the last five years and has reached the saturation point at about 8,000 vessels a year. Huge oil deposits found in and near the Caspian Sea only mean pressure on the Straits must increase in spite of a new traffic control system that can monitor ships from the Aegean to the Black Sea. Since 1994 tankers longer than 200m have been limited to daylight only passage, and in October 2002 a one-way traffic scheme was instituted. Worse, a prolonged spell of fog recently delayed traffic and the Straits were closed for at least one day last month because of strong currents and adverse weather conditions. Most tankers (including LNG tankers, for whose passages the Straits are closed to all other shipping) now have to wait for several weeks for transit permission. And, in the last month alone, the Cypriot-flagged bulker *Mana* grounded and the Georgia flagged bulker *Svyatoy Panteleymon* went aground and broke in half. What would happen if a large tanker caught fire in downtown Istanbul?

Ferries

Some ferries serve very few customers. In Scotland, the Orkney Island Council is paying £26,000 a year (better than \$50,000) to operate a ferry so one five-year-old boy can attend school. In South Carolina, you can take a state-owned ferry to the state's Yawkey Wildlife Center on South Island but you cannot get off. Only workers and their families can do that. The ferry costs about \$230,000 a year to operate, needs four operators and five deckhands, runs from 7am to 11pm, and serves a few dozen residents and workers.

The Harbormaster for the Island of Hawaii thought a statewide inter-island ferry system was in the state's future. "It would be really nice to drive right on to that ferry and get off in my own car," he said. Also benefited would be truck farmers, who might drive a refrigerated container on a ferry and have it in Honolulu five hours later. Inter-island air travel has become slower because of security measures since 9/11.

In Connecticut, the first of Alaska's two new high speed ferries, the *Fairweather*, was christened by the governor's wife. Back home, a committee has been looking at possible changes to the Alaskan ferry system. The deputy transportation commissioner recommended the use of British Columbia Ferry Service, Inc. as a model for an improved Alaska Marine Highway System, but others quickly pointed out that the BC system was sold to private owners and now has labor problems. Will jobs stay in Alaska or will some jobs, such as ticketing and reservations, migrate to the Lower 48 or even overseas? And forcing local communities, not the state, to provide ferry terminals is another problem.

Away from the meeting rooms and aboard the state ferry *Taku*, U.S. Customs officers arrested a Metlakatla man and seized his vehicle after two pounds of marijuana, worth about \$45,000 on the street, were found in his Chevrolet Blazer.

Farther south, newly privatized BC Ferries must somehow raise \$2 billion to build 22 new ferries in the next 15 years so asked the union for concessions. When ferry workers vowed to strike over a number of issues, the province ordered a mediator to become involved and instituted legislation to impose a 90-day cooling off period if needed. But mediation failed so workers started their strike by maintaining essential services but shutting down gift shops and catering services and supplying the redundant personnel as crew persons for some ferries. The company thought gift store attendants made poor sailors and refused the crewing arrangements so sailings were reduced in number. The BC government then invoked an 80-day (minimum) cooling off period. The union asked the Labour Minister to revoke his order, he refused, and an illegal strike has started. All sailings were cancelled. Latest word is that the strikers want to resume essential service but only if the 80-day cooling off period is lifted. The government said no to the offer.

And in Washington, ferry service is steadily being whittled away as the state tries to operate with an elderly fleet and ever increasing deficits by reducing winter service, eliminating some passenger runs, increasing income from non-transportation services such as food and shops, and charging more. Meanwhile, several private operators think they can provide passenger only service at a profit.

On the East Coast, the reverberations from the Staten Island ferry crash echo louder and louder. The city operated ferry system is now revealed as riddled by patronage and privilege, plagued by abuse by workers, and suffering from wide ranging systemic problems including being understaffed plus a long history of ignoring Coast Guard safety recommendations. Five of the system's mates were found to have drunken driving convictions on their records. Seven of the city's top 25 overtime earners worked on the ferries and they earned up to twice base pay. A 60-year-old "whistle-blowing" crewman who tried to look at time cards was jumped and pummeled by a fellow crewman, who was then promoted to be a safety supervisor in charge of accident prevention. And so on.

As for the crash itself, it remains under investigation, both as an accident and criminally. The pilot was in command of the *Andrew J. Barberi* when it failed to slow, missed the Staten Island ferry landing, and raked across the end of a concrete pier about 600' away, killing ten and seriously wounding dozens more. The master invoked his constitutional right to remain silent while the federal prosecutor may charge the pilot under a maritime manslaughter statute that carries a possible ten-year sentence (vs. the four-year term of the state's negligent homicide charge).

In New Brunswick, eight riders on a cable ferry on the St. John River had an unexpected ride and an eight-hour wait when the cable broke and the Westfield ferry was swept downstream several hundred yards until an anchor took hold. It took a St. John harbor tugboat several hours to reach the ferry because it had to wait for the tide to change.

In Europe, a license granted to a Danish firm to operate a ferry service in Norway heightened fears of more foreigners operating other Norwegian routes. In the Gulf of Naples, the small Russian-built hydrofoil *Aligiula* caught fire after an engine room explosion and all 53 passengers and five crew were rescued unhurt by four Coast Guard vessels. Many ferry sailings were cancelled when cross-Channel service was blocked at Calais and Cherbourg as French mariners protested plans to allow foreigners to apply for jobs in the French merchant marine. The strike may spread to other ports. French fishermen also blocked Calais in a separate dispute.

In the U.K., the U.K. Competition Committee ruled that transfer of P&O's Liverpool-Dublin service to Stena would lead to a "substantial lessening of competition" so the £50 million (\$83.5 million) deal fell through. In a separate action, P&O announced that it would cut more than 600 jobs on its Calais-Dover service by taking one of eight ferries out of service. Tourism is down and use of low cost airlines is up, so P&O will offer a deeply discounted service during off-hours. Rival French company SeaFrance says it will not follow P&O's example of reducing capacity.

And Sea Container, operator of Hoverspeed, another cross-Channel operator, will claim £450 million from the U.K.'s Customs and Excise after winning a court case about harassment of passengers returning from shopping trips but the company does not expect to be awarded the full amount.

In Africa, a UN relief agency and tenor Luciano Pavarotti donated a ferry, which can carry 63 tons, to more than 25,000 Angolan

refugees living across the Zambesi River in Zambia. On Lake Mai-Ndombe in the Democratic Republic of Congo, a violent storm caused an overcrowded ferry to capsize and at least 182 died, over 100 were missing, and 222 survived. The ferry, made from two fishing boats coupled together, was named *Dieu Merci* (Thank God).

In Zambia, an overloaded ferry propelled by five paddlers and carrying more than 60 people sank and only four were rescued. And a German financial organization will send \$7 million to the government of Senegal for a replacement of the ferry *Le Joola*, which sank in September 2002 with loss of some 1,800 passengers. The government recently paid about \$18,424 to the families of those who died.

In Australasia, the Filipino wooden ferry launch *Rubian* carrying 57 passengers went missing for several days after its propeller broke but was found in Indonesian waters. All aboard were OK.

Off Japan, a 71-year-old fisherman drowned when he was thrown out of his small fishing boat by a collision with a small ferry.

India and Sri Lanka resumed a passenger ferry service between Colombo and Vizhinjam 20 years after it was stopped due to ethnic strife. The rebelling Tamil Tigers agreed it was time to resume the service.

In Malaysia, thousands of Indonesians wanted to go home for Hari Raya (a holiday marking the end of Ramadan) and most departures went smoothly. But at Port Klang, several thousands found immigration officials refusing to allow them to board a ferry because eight Indonesian maids arriving from Sumatra had yet to be picked up by their employers or agents.

An Israeli airline pilot working for Japan Airlines was murdered on the Indian ferry *Nancowri* off the Andaman Islands and a ship's cook confessed to hacking the pilot's throat with an axe while he slept on deck.

Environmental Penalties

Washington state will be paid more than \$139,000 by Evergreen Marine for a spill of 500 gallons of waste oil into the Columbia River in March 2001. Transport Canada fined the chemical tanker *Cape Benat* C\$60,000 for spilling approximately 200 tons of crude canola oil at the Port of Vancouver. The vessel will also pay C\$125,000 to cover clean-up costs. In the U.S., the owner, operator, and two chief engineers of the *Emerald Bulker* have been indicted for dumping waste oil. A flexible hose was used to bypass the oily water separator directly into the sea.

Piracy

The worst year in more than a decade included the recent boarding of two container ships off Indonesia. Other attacks were made on bulk carriers and small tugboats off Nigeria, Colombia, and Guinea while a crewman on a tug was shot in the head and died in the Malacca Straits. The tug escaped. In another episode, "foreign navy personnel" boarded a ship in Singapore waters and demanded the ship's papers. These were not returned until a ransom had been paid. Intertanko, the tanker owners organization, called for increased security patrols in the Malacca Strait and increased sharing of intelligence between countries. Patrol boats in hot pursuit should not be stopped by territorial boundaries.

Navies

France reclaimed the former aircraft carrier *Clémenceau* from Italian towage company Augustsea and sent the deep-sea tug *Carangue* and navy ship *Guépard* to tow the ex-warship from the Mediterranean to Toulon, where asbestos will be removed. The destroyer *USS Cole*, badly damaged by terrorists in Aden three years ago, is back in service after \$250 million in repairs. The incident cost the lives of 17 crew and wounded 39 others. The Indian Navy plans to add 23 state-of-the-art warships, including submarines, in the next ten years. The Navy has also outlined a 30-year submarine program. The Indonesian Navy found a mine believed to be of World War II origin near Batam Island.

The investigation of the January 3 collision between the Singapore Navy patrol vessel *Courageous* and the Dutch container ship *ANL Indonesia* revealed that the warship made "strange and irresponsible" maneuvers that led the master of the merchant ship to think he was under terrorist attack. But he was faulted for not shifting to the faster manual steering and for giving a prolonged blast instead of five short blasts to signify danger. Two of the warships' officers (one a trainee, the other her supervisor) were charged with negligence that caused the deaths of four fellow crew members.

Although repairs will cost close to £1 million, there will be no disciplinary action over the collision of the nuclear submarine *HMS Tireless* with what an official called a "free-floating object" because any trial would reveal the location of the submarine at the time of the collision. Rumors say an iceberg may have been the object but some respected experts think a foreign sub is more likely.

Scrapping

Over-zealousness in regulating ship scrapping may lead to a new generation of "ghost" ships. The Indian Navy refused to seize the Greenpeace ship *Rainbow Warrior* at the request of the Gujarat Maritime Board while the vessel was picketing the scrapping sites at Alang, India. The Basel Convention issued its latest bulletin, whose cover story entitled "Ship Dismantling: Greening an Industry," provides some guidelines for environmentally safe dismantling.

The month's big scrapping story was the unwelcome arrival in the U.K. of four ex-U.S. Navy ships for scrapping at the Hartlepool facilities of Able U.K. The ships were moored at the facility's docks and no dismantling can be done until they are towed back across the Atlantic next spring. Environmental group Friends of the Earth stated that the first two ships each contain precisely 34.1 tons of non-liquid PCBs and precisely 61 tons of asbestos, and the second two have even more contaminants. In another statement, FoE Director Tony Juniper stated the ships were "made up of more than 800 tonnes of toxic waste".

The U.K. Environment Agency issued a paper spelling out how it came to OK the transfer of the ships to the U.K. but later changed its mind. The U.K. government and its agencies, explained a statement by the Department for Environment, Food, and Rural Affairs, found that the "proposed shipment of the vessels to Hartlepool cannot be completed consistent with international rules and community law" but the statement went on to explain that "there is an important and le

gitimate trade in ship dismantling and recycling and an international need for high quality environmentally sound facilities in which to carry out such work. In the U.K., top class facilities can be provided. The ships in this consignment do not come into a special category of toxicity. Like all ships, they contain some hazardous materials, but they are not inherently dangerous, and are not carrying toxic cargo," etc.

Will Able U.K.'s "top-class" scrapping facilities get to process U.S. ships? This depends on whether the courts agree with the government's statement during trials this winter. Meanwhile, in an ironic violation of the Basel Convention and other international agreements and Indian law, British vessels are being sent to India for scrapping at Alang, which Greenpeace deplors as an environmental hellhole. And prices paid by scrappers zoomed to \$300 per light displacement ton because the beaches are rapidly emptying.

Building

In Malta, shipyard workers, unhappy about the pay scale for working in confined spaces, rushed the yard's new chief executive and hit him with fists and their hardhats. He was quickly rescued by security guards and union officials.

In Durban, Southern African Shipyards had to close after waiting months to be granted a contract for two tugboats for the new port of Coega.

The world largest shipbuilder (Hyundai) suffered a loss in profits for the third quarter but has \$9.14 billion in orders. The world's second largest shipbuilder (Daewoo) reported increased profits for the same period. Foreign exchange gains played a role. Korean yards have virtually abandoned building small bulkers in favor of more lucrative ships. Handymaxes and Panamaxers and smaller tankers are also unattractive. A Daewoo senior executive said Korean yards must cut costs to stay competitive. Korean yards are technologically ahead of China but their wages are higher, too, even though all the Chinese yards are in the highest wage party of that country. He suggested shipbuilding was a sunset industry in Korea. And prices will rise for 2007 buildings in Korea, said a Hyundai official, noting current prices are lower than in 1997.

Norwegian yards have contracts for only 20 vessels next year, some 15 percent of total yard capacity. If there are no more orders, severe worker layoffs will be required to survive. In Croatia, the outgoing government refused to further back Viktor Lenac, the nation's only private yard, and it will become bankrupt. In Germany, the sole shareholder of failed shipbuilder SSW Fähr und Spezialschiffbau in Bremerhaven revived and renamed the firm. It is now SSW Schichau Seebeck Shipyard and will concentrate on building offshore equipment such as windmill sections and windmill erection vessels. A French ship repair firm is eager to take over the Tunisian state-owned yard Menzel Bourguiba in Bizerte and is on the short list of bidders. In the U.K., VT (ex-Vosper Thornycroft) made a late bid for Appledore Shipbuilders, which went bankrupt in September. At VT's Woolston-Southampton yard, the company finished off a £35 million megayacht described as the world's largest single-masted yacht and closed the yard. The

workforce then moved to the company's Portsmouth site. The yacht can be chartered for \$250,000 a week.

In France at Saint-Nazaire, the *Queen Mary 2* finished sea trials and then went on show for shipyard workers and their families. A crowded gangway collapsed, dropping dozens to the concrete floor of the drydock. Fifteen died while 32 were injured.

Odd Bits

A U.S. District Court ruled that a skipper is not responsible for living expenses and medical care for a crewman who is diagnosed with a long-term incurable disease. In this instance, the cook of the Maine-based "wind-jammer" schooner *Timberwind* came down with multiple sclerosis and her condition was beyond improvement.

A new propeller with curved blades may be offered by engine builder MAN B&W as its standard propeller. The Kappel propeller has shown 4% power requirement reduction in sea trials on the tanker *Nordamerica*.

The first trans-Atlantic passage by a monohull sailing vessel in under a week only needed fair winds, a 140' superyacht costing £10 million, and a crew of 23. *Mari-Cha IV* went from Ambrose Light to the Lizard Point in Cornwall in 6 days, 17 hours, 52 minutes, and 39 seconds. The big sailboat also covered a record 525.5 nautical miles in 24 hours while enroute.

In the Philippines, maritime schools and colleges are using a new screening process to ensure that students are channeled into career paths that will make Filipino mariners "the seamen of choice" by foreign ship owners and operators. And more than 340 formal charges were brought against Filipino deck and engineering officers carrying fake training certificates. The action was the latest in a series of governmental attacks on hundreds of forged certificates, school records, and ship service documentation.

Spain has started to investigate an October 25 incident in which 36 immigrants from sub-Saharan Africa died after their motorboat sank in 6m seas off Cadiz. Rescue services were slow to respond in spite of a radioed alert from the anchored freighter *FOCS Tennerife*, which was trying to provide a lee for the small boat, because it took an hour to gather enough personnel to man the government's rescue tugboat *Sargazos*. The U.S. Navy base at Rota supplied no help because it follows the lead of the Spanish in search and rescue efforts. Some believe that Spain's search and rescue and security services focus more on "preventing arrival" than rescue.

In the Philippines, observers at Cebu City were startled when ten rice-loaded ten-wheeler trucks swiftly rolled off the newly arrived barge *LCT Emilia* and sped away while the barge quickly departed, perhaps back to the ship that had smuggled the rice from Vietnam. Police managed to intercept all of the trucks but only nabbed the drivers of three trucks.

Brit rower Jim Shekhdar tried to row from Bluff, New Zealand, to Africa but was injured some 1200km and two weeks out when his oar-propelled Hornette was rolled over by waves. He radioed for help, the New Zealand research ship *Tangaroa* diverted 350nm to pick him up (at a cost of several thousand dollars), and an Air Force Orion

acted as spotter (at a cost of about \$100,000). Now the government wants to keep his rowboat as partial payment of the costs.

Kuwait provided assurances that it will accept some 76,000 sheep from Australia after animal activists delayed loading for two weeks by smearing pig meat into the sheep's feed and water.

If, some time in the future, an aircraft from respected helicopter giant Evergreen Aviation International buzzes your ship, there may be no point in waving at its crew because it will have none. The company has purchased the first three commercial examples of Bell's Eagle Eye Unmanned Aerial Vehicle (UAV). This tiltrotor UAV was also selected by the Coast Guard for its Deepwater program.

Don't be surprised to see a barge with legs at each corner sprouting close to 700' into the air. The Rowan Super Gorilla XL-class jackup Bob Palmer is the newest, biggest jackup in the world and can work in waters 550' deep or in 400' in harsh environments such as the North Sea or eastern Canada.

And, if you are in England, don't be surprised to see a giant river barge named *Afon Dyfrdwy* operating between Chester (near Liverpool) and a mother ship that will carry two wings a week to France for the 550-passenger Airbus A380 Super Jumbo Jet transport aircraft. The barge is 190' long, has seven engines, cost £3.5 million (\$6.1 million), and must not stir up the bottom silt of the River Dee.

Mariners are still having problems understanding traffic separation schemes after 30 years of experience. They are one of the least understood aspects of navigation, according to an officer of the North of England P&I Club. He stated that many officers feel safer when entering a traffic lane and reduce their vigilance, and many also believe ferries and smaller vessels will automatically give way. Dredging at Walvis Bay in Namibia had to stop when dredge operators were overcome and sickened by hydrogen sulfide gas in the spoil.

Head-Shakers

So far, more than 90 lawsuits totaling more than \$2 billion have been filed against the City of New York after the ferry *Andrew J. Barberi* accident but the city hopes to use an 1850s federal statute that limits total damages in any maritime disaster to the value of the vessel, in this case, \$14.4 million.

An official report stated, "The impact threw the skipper from the command chair forward against the wheelhouse bulkhead, which woke him up." He was the New Zealand skipper of the fishing vessel *Da Vinci*, his vessel had just hit the anchored Japanese car-carrier *Trans Pacific 8*, and he had been asleep for more than two hours.

One engine on the fast ferry *Flying Cloud* broke down and its hull was holed in rough water between Nantucket Island and the Massachusetts mainland. The vessel made it to port, no passengers were hurt, but two crew members were taken to a hospital for "anxiety-related conditions."

In the state of Washington, two employees and one passenger on the Kingston-Edmonds ferry became sick enough to be hospitalized after being exposed to methane gas. Strong winds had forced the ship's sanitary system exhaust to vent inside the ferry.

Before the bottom hull panel is nailed in place is the time to paint the entire interior of the craft. Care should be taken to not apply paint to any areas where future parts must be installed, like the mast brace pieces and the hatch parts, including where the bottom panel will be installed. Masking off all these areas carefully will save you a great deal of work later on.

You hear about many builders complaining about problems with painting over epoxy and wonder why this is. The main problem seems to be haste, meaning these builders go right to the painting without observing a few basic steps. Most know that the epoxy surface must be cleaned prior to painting; that is, removal of the epoxy wax-like residue from the surface using clean water with a little household ammonia.

However, I think what is equally important is to give the epoxy plenty of time to cure. This means wipe it down, then wait, say a week or more, wipe the surface again, and then paint.

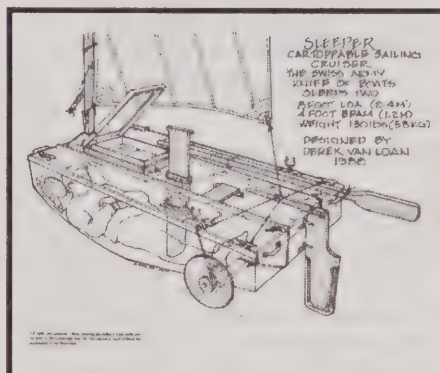
With this precaution there shouldn't be a problem with paint not staying on the epoxy. Of course, only use marine quality paints if you expect it to last for a few years, Sleeper won't take much paint and that paint cost won't be great in any case. It should be noted that modern paints take a little longer to dry due to environmental problems that have removed most of the drying agents in the paint. Give it some extra time to dry and hopefully find a dry condition for the painted hull.

The plans give detailed instructions on how to install the bottom panel to the already constructed hull assembly, don't scrimp on the glue for this task, apply it with a brush only. The glue mix should be fairly thick, always prime the any gluing surface with un-

Building Sleeper

Part 9

By Don Elliott



filled epoxy prior to applying the glue mix. For all boatbuilding tasks always gather all the tools and equipment that will be involved in that particular task before one starts the operation; in this case, glue, brush, nails, hammer, and epoxy clean-up gear. Gluing time is not a time for fidgeting.

The Sleeper's builder now has a fully enclosed hull form with only an opening for the hatch and mast support. The side ports can now be cut into both the hull side panels. Use the same method that was used to develop the ellipse for the flexi-trunk parts for the ports opening. Only cut and fit the plastic ports but do not install these items at this time. Make certain that the holes for mounting the plastic ports are slightly oversize; that is, a little larger than the mounting screws as the wood may swell and the plastic won't. If ignored this can produce cracks or leaks at the

ports. When finally installed a bedding compound should be used. (Silicone II only, do not use anything else or glazing will occur.)

Rip and cut all the pieces for the mast brace and support. At the same time cut all the parts for the hatch. Mark all parts clearly as they are cut, then group them together so they don't get lost or mistaken for something else before they are installed. A couple of cardboard boxes will serve for this storage purpose.

Page 4 of Sleeper's plans shows the details of how the mast support is built, however, if one is not good at, or familiar with, blueprint reading they may have trouble figuring out what is being done here, so I have prepared a sketch to clarify this structure. This will be shown in the next article on building Sleeper.

(To be continued)

KLEPPER FOLDING KAYAKS

www.klepperwest.com

Largest Selection in the Whole USA

Klepper West

6155 Mt. Aukum Rd.

Somerset, CA 95684-0130 Toll Free: 888-692-8092

PRICE REDUCTION



New & Used Sails

Buy • Sell • Trade

Discount Sunbrella

Sails for Small Boats & Home Builders a Specialty

Furling Packages

7060 15th Street East, #14
Sarasota, FL 34243

Phone: 941-758-2822 • Fax 941-758-2979

www.porpoisesailing.com

Alden Shells

in eastern New England



"Oarmaster 1" parts

Rowing Sport

Ipswich, MA 978 356-3623

KITTERY POINT TENDER



10' x 48" Handlaid Fiberglass Hull
Traditional looking Yacht Tender
Specially Designed for Ease of
Rowing and Minimum Drag When
Towing
Row & Sail Models

BAY of MAINE BOATS

P.O. Box 631 • Kennebunkport, ME 04046 • 207/967-4298
43° 20.9'N - 70° 28.7'W



NORSEBOAT

SAILING & ROWING CRUISER

This innovative 17'6" adventure craft designed by Chuck Paine is lightweight, seaworthy, beautiful, affordable...the stuff legends are made of!

NorseBoat Ltd.

tel: 902-659-2790

fax: 902-659-2419

info@norseboat.com

www.norseboat.com

In 1956, Howard Chapelle penned a five-part series, called *The American Sharpie Yacht*, in which he set out his case for shallow-draft flat-bottom pleasure craft based on American working boats of about 75 years before. He worked his way from discussing regional sharpie construction methods to sea-worthy sharpie cruisers based on Commodore Ralph Munroe's famous Egret.

Today we may not associate Chapelle with cheap daysailers and cruisers, but that is exactly what he was about in his articles for the long-defunct magazine *Boats*. As an illustration, he designed a Chesapeake skiff and wrote a construction how-to. Because I live on the Chesapeake Bay I recognize the value of small boats drawing no water to speak of, and when I read this unfortunately obscure series I got fired up to present it to a new audience (the prose was a little rough and parts read like a first draft). The ideas and discussion are just as valuable today as they were in 1956, and if anything the de-

A 14' Chesapeake Sharpie Skiff

A simple, strong, easily handled sailing skiff of proven design

By Howard I. Chapelle

Boats magazine, 1956
Edited by Craig O'Donnell
(dadadata@friend.ly.net)

signs would be easier to build full-size using epoxy and plywood.

The skiff is Chapelle's own design, based on a craft he measured at Coan, Virginia. You can order large scale plans from

the Smithsonian (#HIC-105). The skiff's dimensions are 14' x 5' with draft 1' (cb down 2' 6"). Sail area is 78sf.

Before the motorboat replaced sail in the Maryland fisheries, a great many flat-bottom and V-bottom skiffs were in use. The 14' or 15' flat-bottom sharpie skiff with a single sail, fitted to row, was very common. These had probably been used since Colonial times, but by 1890 a very fine hull and rig had developed. This moderate cost boat made a useful sailing and rowing skiff.

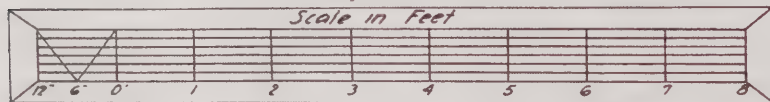
Particular effort was made to get good sailing qualities, for if there was anything an Eastern Shore crabber and oyster tonger really despised (besides a state conservation policeman), it was the labor of rowing. But when he had to row, he wanted a boat that rowed easily even when heavily loaded.

Since he did a great deal of his work standing up in his boat, he wanted a stiff craft, one not easily heeled to a dangerous degree under sail or at anchor, by the crew weight

Sheer and half-breadth plans.

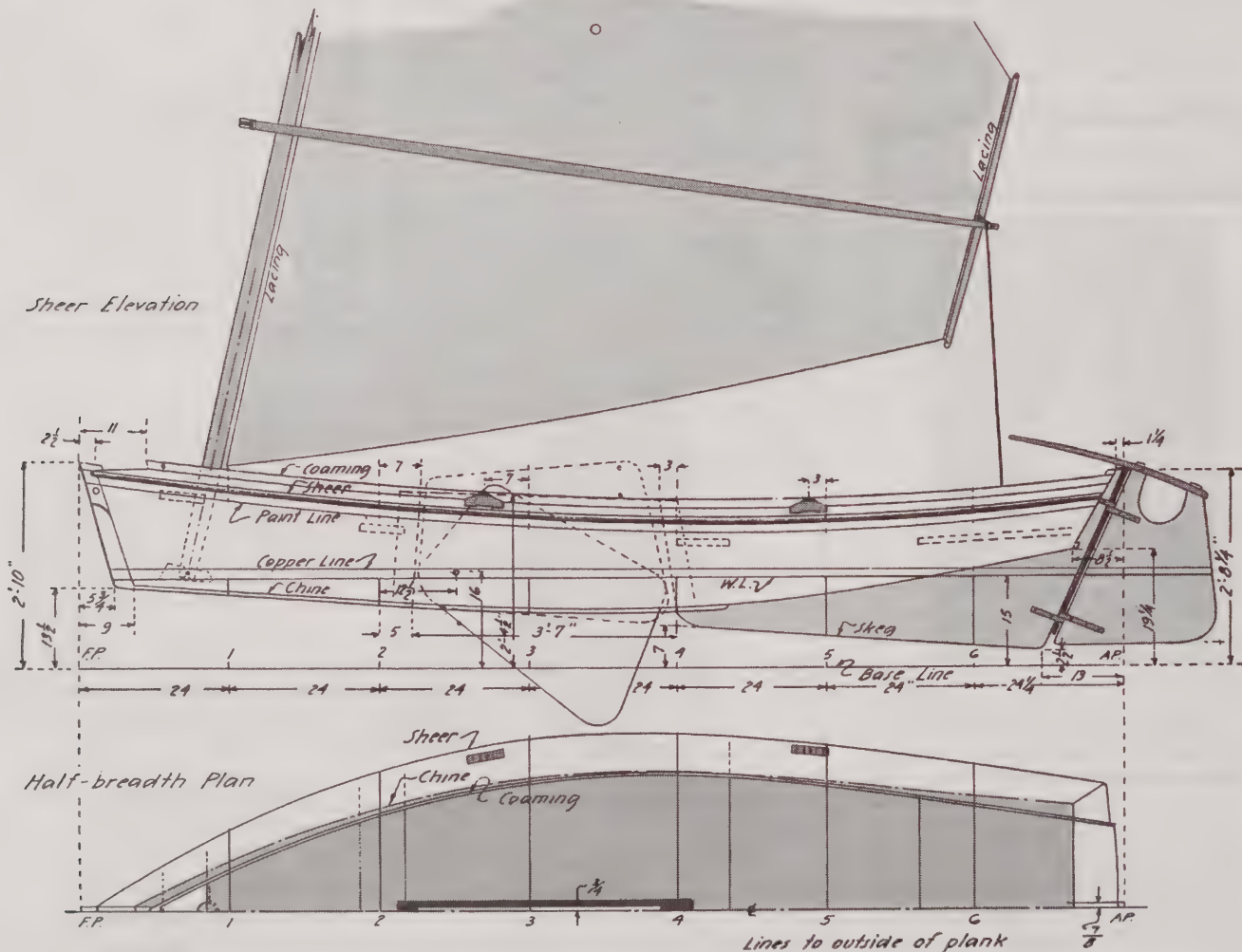
14 Ft Chesapeake Sharpie Skiff

Based on skiff measured
at Coan, Va. 1949
Scale in Feet

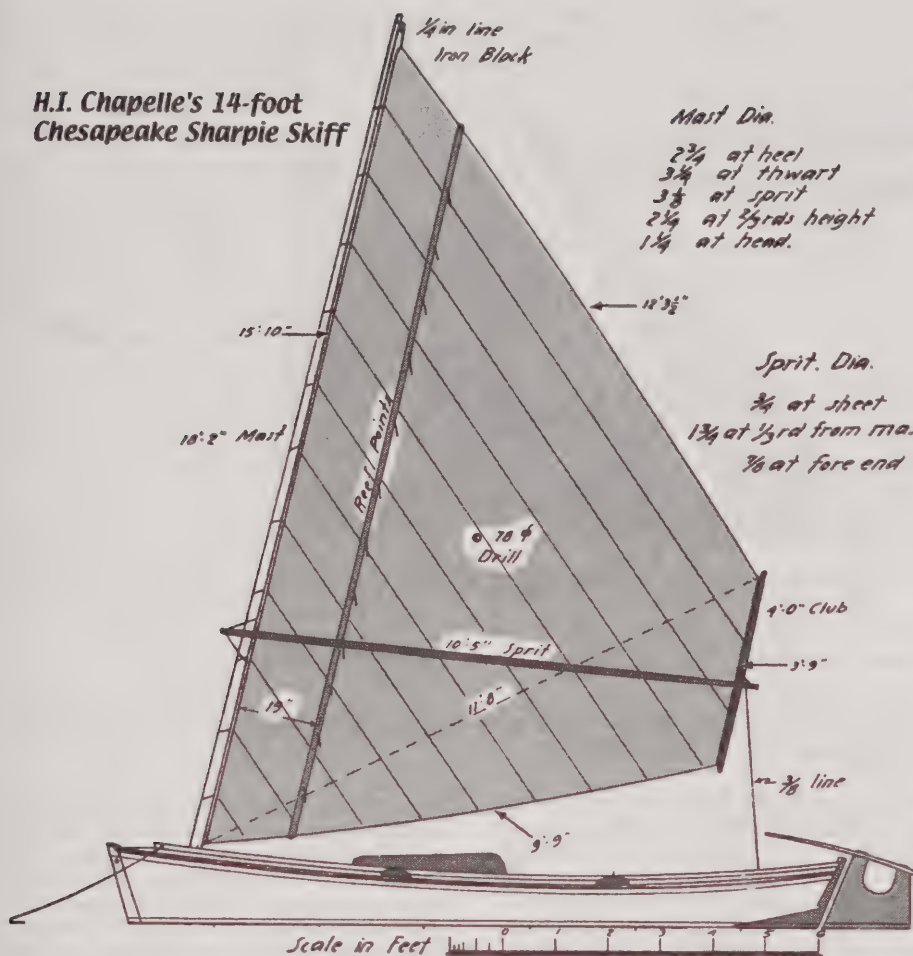


H.I. Chapelle, Marine Architect
Cambridge Maryland

Length betw Perpendiculars 14' 1/4"
Beam over plank 4' 10-1/4"
Beam over guards 5' 1/4"
Draft at sternpost 1' 1/2"
Draft, CB down 2' 6"

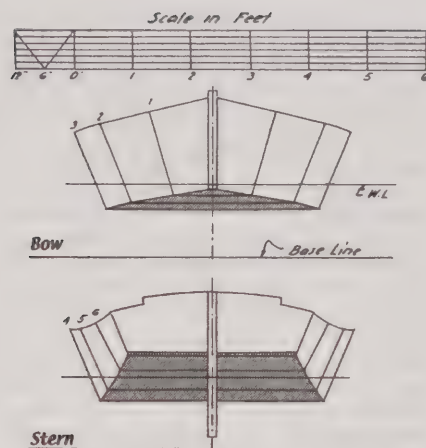
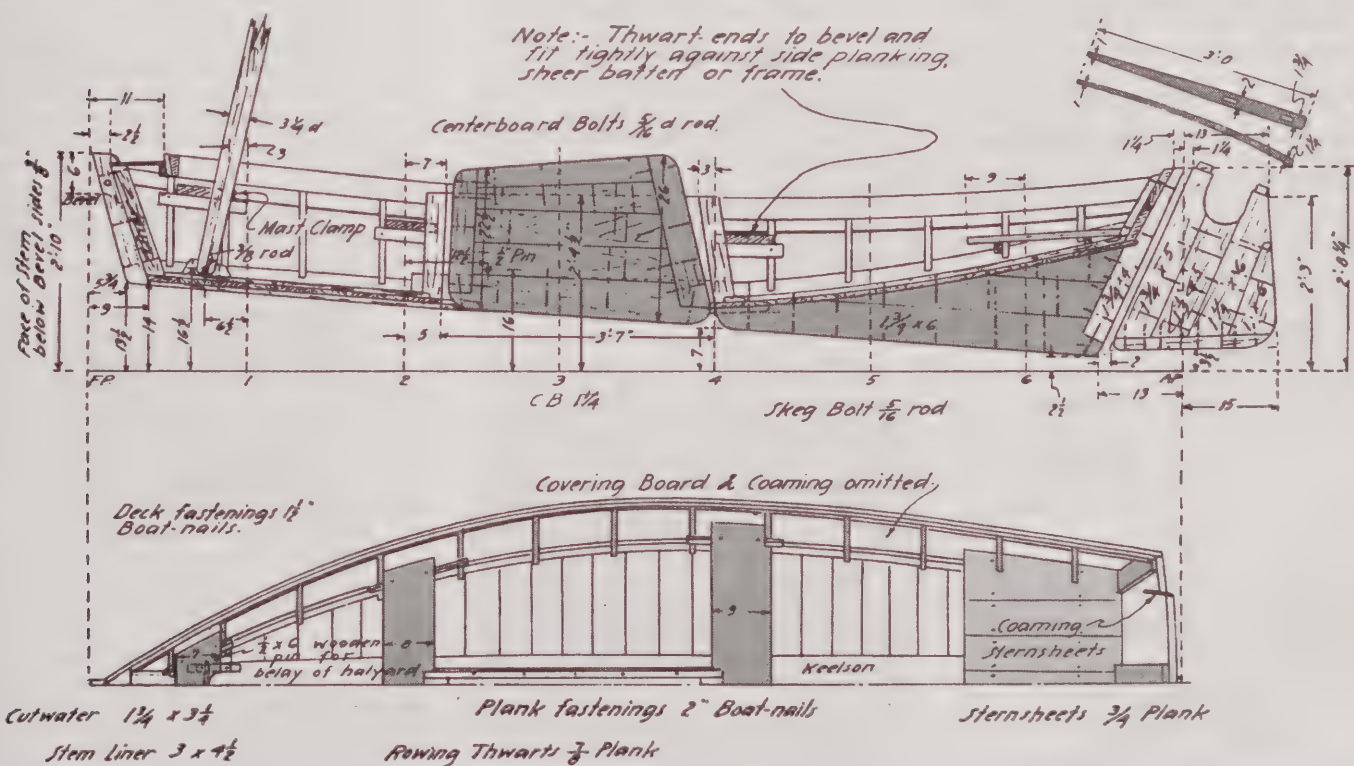


H.I. Chapelle's 14-foot Chesapeake Sharpie Skiff



Sail plan of Chapelle's handsome sharpie skiff.

Construction details.



Body plan.

on her side. When crabbing or tonging it was necessary to stand near the side, as close as the coaming permitted, to handle the gear. Since these skiffs were usually worked by one man, they had to be very handy under sail.

Not least in importance was cost. The boat had to be inexpensive and usually this means easy-to-build. In fact, most were built by their owners, though there were some boatbuilders who produced very fine sailing skiffs.

These factors are still important today. This form of skiff, practically unchanged, is fit for modern use. The square stern would take a small outboard, off-center, to fit alongside the rudder, with the standard shaft length it would be desirable to cut down one side of the transom about 4" between stern post and coaming, to give the propeller a good bite on the water. Engines in the 1hp to 3hp range are suitable.

Construction is largely that employed in small sharpies. The heavy cross planked bottom provides structural strength and weight down low. It should be properly lofted and the molds set up securely, the boat being built upside down until ready to deck. In Maryland, the sides are usually local hard pine, as are stem liner, skeg, keelson, chines, cutwater, frames, and thwarts. The bottom plank, decking, and transom are softwood, cedar, or juniper. The rudder, centerboard, and stempost are sometimes pine but more often oak. Spars are pine or spruce. Galvanized iron boat nails are used wherever possible, small rod for bolts. Where extra holding power is required, use galvanized iron or steel carriage bolts. Materials are not specified since you would use whatever is easily available locally. The skiff may be built almost entirely of spruce, fir, cedar, yellow pine, or other boat building timber as desired. Spruce spars are most desirable if they are to be carried ashore often.

In the hull, there are a number of details which are useful ideas in building any flat-bottom boat.

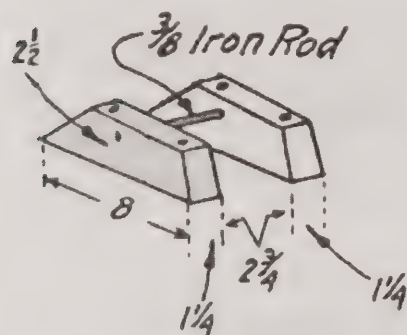
A common fault in a flat-bottom skiff is leakage at the extreme bow and stern caused by these parts being out of water when the boat is moored, which allows the bottom plank seams to dry open. The old time boatbuilder used to plank the bottom near stem and transom with tongue-and-groove plank, or he inserted a spline in each seam by first grooving each plank edge.

The frames are simple battens on edge. These are wide at the head to support the covering board without deck framing. Their heels overlap the chine logs but do not come down to the bottom planking in order to avoid interfering with the scoop bailer usually employed. A smooth inside chine enabled the bailer to scoop out water and dirt without having to work between each frame or sponge out.

There is no rabbeted stem. The side planks are nailed to a triangular timber, a stem liner. When the sides are bent over the molds and temporarily secured, the stem ends of the

Eastern Shore mast step and clamp.

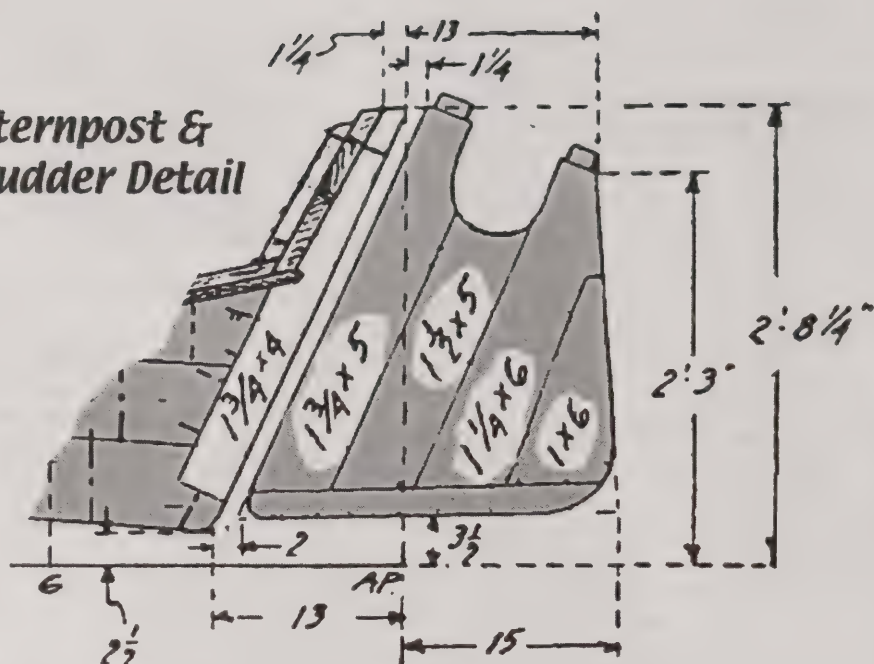
Mast Step



Mast Clamp



Sternpost & Rudder Detail



Rudder and sternpost dimensions. Today we'd build the rudder and skeg from laminated plywood instead of edge-bolting timbers.

strakes are sawn off square along the pointed edge. The outside cutwater is bolted on over white lead, well spread out over the plank ends. Today we'd use epoxy. Bolts are still OK. Chappelle points out in an earlier installment that a heavily-built skiff is easier to build and maintain than one built to lighter scantlings, easier to keep caulked, and, as a side benefit, will be stiffer than a very light boat. If this is built as a trailer-sailer by all means modify the bottom to use two layers of 3/8" or 1/2" plywood.

The skiff's club rig was most efficient. For one thing, the mast could be easily raised and lowered to pass under a bridge or when it was necessary (God forbid it happen often!) to row against the wind. Today this is useful when an outboard engine is used to drive the boat against a strong wind.

Anyone who has attempted to lift an 18' mast into or out of the common small boat thwart and step in a breeze of wind knows it is a most precarious operation requiring strength and agility of no mean order. The Maryland Eastern Shoreman took a dim view of such strenuous pastimes, so he devised a simple, effective solution. First, the mast thwart: this was placed so its after edge, hollowed out in a half-circle, came to the mast centerline when stepped. The mast was secured by a "clamp," strap iron shaped as shown in the plan, secured by two staples made of rod driven into the thwart's after edge. These staples would be 1/4" iron rod in this skiff and would be driven into the thwart about 4" or 5", suitable pilot holes are bored for each leg. The clamp was slotted, passing over these eyes and held there by iron or hardwood pins or wedges.

This clamp business left the fisherman with the problem of getting the heel into the step. The Marylander solved this by a simple design, the step was made of two fore-and-aft plank chocks, each bolted to the bottom through the keelson and just far enough apart athwartships to allow the mast heel to fit

snugly between them. Through these chocks an iron rod was driven athwartships near the top of the chocks as shown in the plans. Now the mast heel was slotted athwartships to fit snugly over the pin. Well, to step the mast, you placed the heel of the mast between the chocks with the slot over the rod and then walked the mast up until it came home in the thwart, after which you put the clamp into place, holding the mast in position by one shoulder. To lower the mast you reversed the process with everything under control. It was all very simple.

The sail requires a few words, also, as it is quite different from the modern dinghy sail but just about as efficient. It is laced to the mast with a spiral lacing. A good dodge is to secure small brass thimbles to the luff by lashing each to a grommet with its eye up-and-down the luff, use marline round-and-round, ending with turns over-and-over between thimble and sail roping. This makes the thimbles stand rigidly with their openings up-and-down. A spiral lacing around the mast, through these, will not jam while hoisting or lowering sail.

The sail has no boom proper, being spread with a sprit. The heel is forward alongside the mast. Here it is secured by a line spliced in a loose eye round the mast, the tail is brought through a vertical slot cut in the sprit's fore end and then brought down and around the mast below the sprit and tied there. Today we'd probably use a small tackle leading aft for simpler adjustment.

The reef stands vertical and parallel to the luff. To reef the sprit is let go before lowering sail, allowed to go forward but held by tail of the snorter around its fore end. Lower the sail by its single part halyard. After tying the head cringle to the luff with a short piece of marline, you tie in each reef point, around the luff rope, beginning with that nearest the head of the sail. After each point is tied the sail is hoisted a bit. Finally the foot cringle is lashed to the luff with marline and the sail is

reefed. The reason for this form of reef is to keep the rolled sail as dry as possible, for a bundle of sailcloth along the foot in a small boat is heavy, gets wet rapidly, and so becomes a great nuisance.

At the leech there is a club to enlarge the sail area enough to properly balance sail and hull. Otherwise the sprit would have to be longer. This club is laced on by a spiral lacing and removed from the sail only at the season end. The sprit is secured to the club by a short line fast to the club, this passes through a hole athwartships near the sprit's after end and the tail turned up and tied there. The sheet is a single piece of line made fast to the sprit end and the fall or tail is commonly secured to a cleat inside the coaming, but held in the steersman's hand in strong winds.

Here is how the sail is handled. To hoist, the sprit end is secured to the club, then the sprit's fore end is brought to the mast and loosely secured by the lanyard there. With the club laid athwartship in the sternsheets and the sprit dangling loosely in place, the sail is hoisted and the halyard belayed to the pin in the mast thwart. Next the sprit is set up against the club by pushing it aft with a shoulder against the fore end and setting up on the mast lanyard or "snotter" (or using the tackle). Thus the sail is set quite flat. To furl, the sprit is taken off and the sail wrapped around the mast with sprit stowed inside of the boat. Or the sail may be lowered and stripped from the mast and taken ashore. You will find this sail a handy one.

One more good feature. Since there are no shrouds or stays, you can let the sheet go when the wind is aft and the sprit and sail goes forward of the mast to spill the wind if the snotter is not set up excessively hard. This allows you to control boat speed downwind, something that can't be done with the usual dinghy rig.

An amateur builder of moderate experience can construct her without great difficulty. Or your boatbuilder can do the job. This is a good boat for many purposes, fishing, picnicking, afternoon sailing, picking up ducks, or just snooping around.

(To Be Continued)

PADDLES & OARS

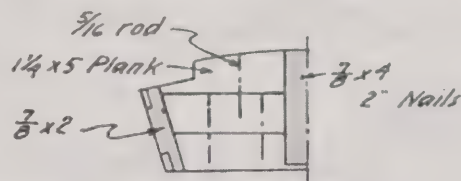


Maine Craftsmanship at its finest. Surprisingly affordable. Most shipped UPS. Write for free catalog.

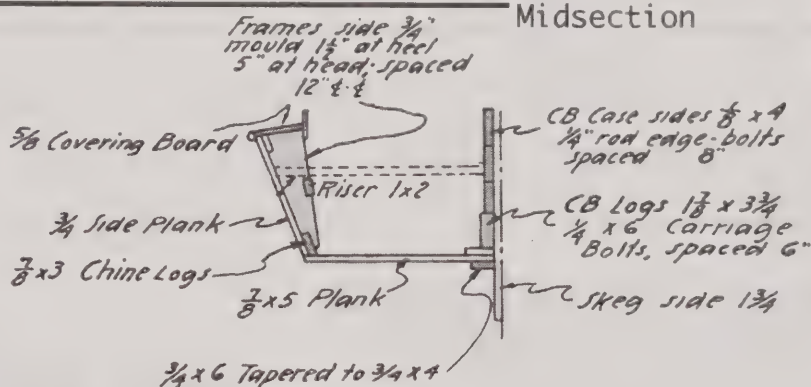
SHAW & TENNEY

Box 213MB
ORONO, ME 04473
(207) 866-4867

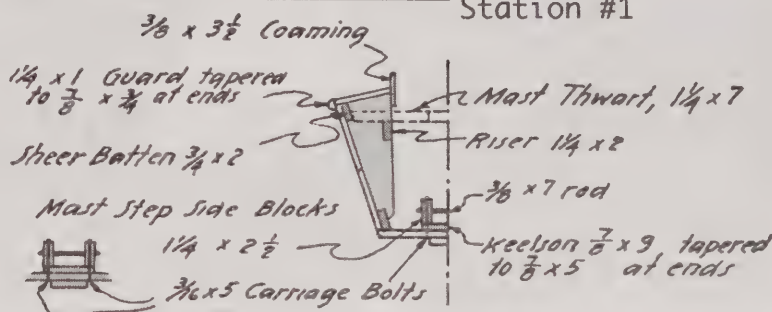
Construction Details



Transom



Midsection



Station #1

Sections showing construction.

Offsets for setting up molds or plugging into a computer program.

Stations 24" apart.

Offsets in feet, inches & eighths to outside of plank.

	Station	Stem Rib	1	2	3	4	5	6	Transom
Heights above Base Line	Coaming	X	2-8-6	2-6-3	2-4-5	2-3-6	2-4-0	2-5-2	2-7-4
	Sheer	2-8-6	2-6-1	2-3-5	2-1-6	2-1-0	2-1-1	2-2-3	2-4-4
	Chine	1-2-0	1-1-0	0-11-1	0-10-0	0-10-0	1-0-2	1-4-2	1-7-2
	Skeg	1-1-2	0-0-2	0-10-5	0-9-2	0-9-2	0-5-1	0-3-3	X
Half-Breadths from &	Sheer	0-0-7	1-1-3	1-11-0	2-4-2	2-5-1	2-3-2	2-0-0	1-8-4
	Chine	0-0-7	0-8-3	1-4-7	1-9-7	1-10-7	1-9-2	1-6-5	1-5-1
	Coaming	X	0-6-7	1-4-0	1-9-2	1-10-6	1-8-6	1-5-3	1-2-0

Chine Line, in Sheer Elevation, is a straight line, Stem to Station 2, and for 2'-6" afore transom.

Quarrier Boats



St. Lawrence Skills

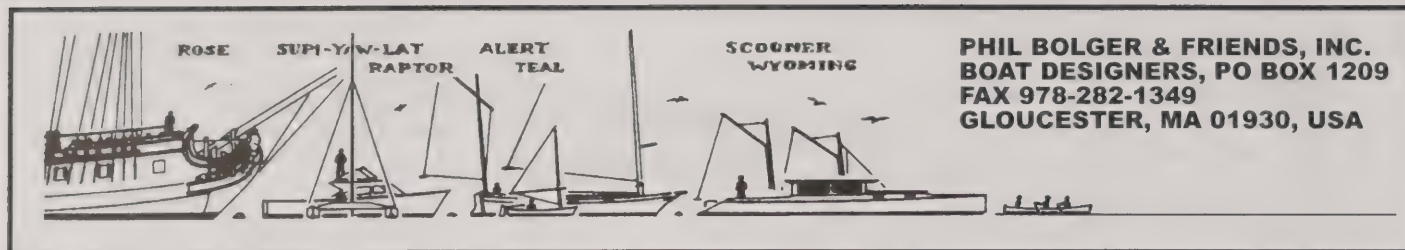
Race Winning Fixed Seat Rowing Boats
Fast, Durable, Good Looking
P.O. Box 125, Alstead, NH 03602 - (603) 835-6985
<http://qboats.home.comcast.net>

SOLID COMFORT BOATS

Sailing Cruising Canoes
Sea Touring Kayaks
Anglers Sampans



HUGH HORTON SMALL BOATS
29474 Old North River Rd.
Mt. Clemens, MI 48045
(586) 468-6456
<huhorton@tir.com>



PHIL BOLGER & FRIENDS, INC.
BOAT DESIGNERS, PO BOX 1209
FAX 978-282-1349
GLOUCESTER, MA 01930, USA



Bolger on Design

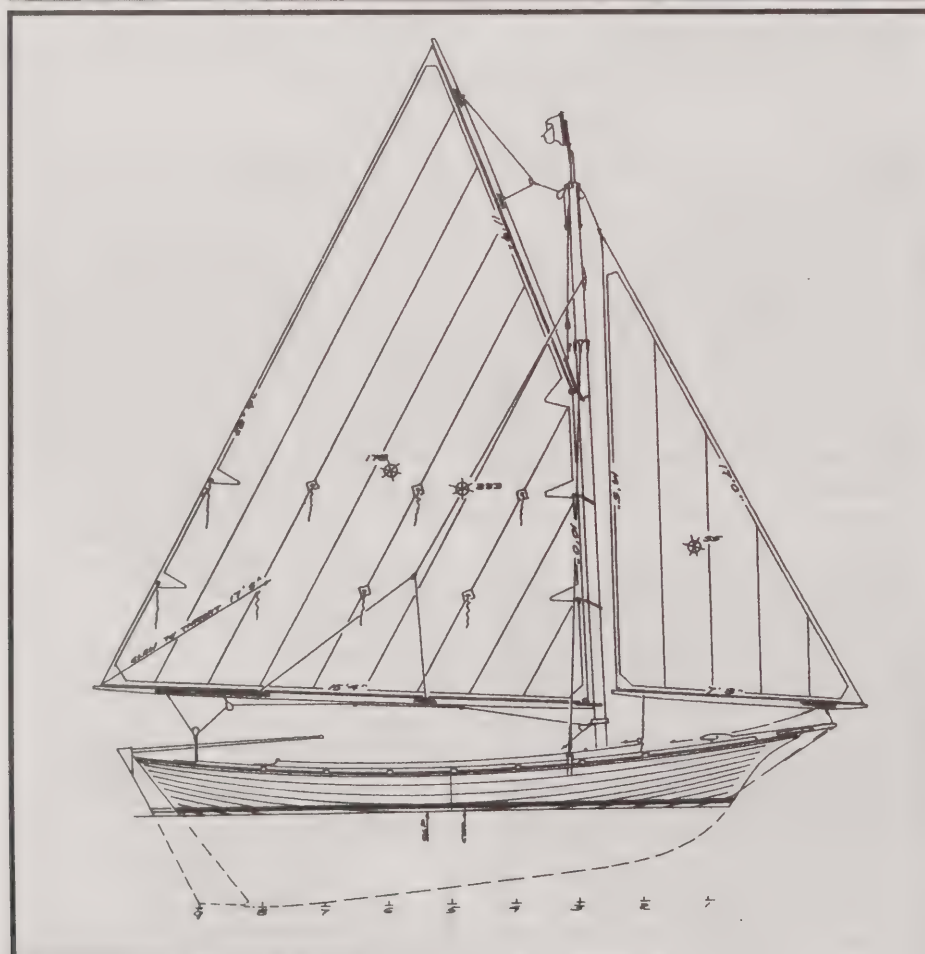
Whaler Sloop Design #396

Length on Deck 20' - Breadth 6'
 Draft 3' - Sail Area 233sf
 Designed Normal Load
 Displacement 2,680 lbs.

Edgar Denton had a 28' Tancook type schooner built by Peter Music of Kingston, Ontario. He used her for day sailing on Lake Ontario. She's a good sailer, but he decided to get something that would be quicker for a singlehander to get underway and put to bed, that would have the same general character, clinker built and gaff rigged. We used my smaller whaler design, Yarrow, as a starting point. Yarrow had a jib headed rig, and he asked if going to the gaff rig would degrade her windward sailing. I reassured him, pointing out that the gaff rig was driven out of "modern" use by racing rules that penalized sail area indiscriminately on the obviously false assumption that a small sail carried high was "more efficient" than a bigger sail set low, even though the low rig might drive the boat as well or better and be easier to handle, more reliable, cheaper, and better in a hard chance.

A lapstrake boat benefits less in looks, and suffers more in extra labor, from being a complex shape than a carvel boat. I kept the lay of the planking to sweeps as simple as possible. The rounded rabbet line aft is a case in point. In traditional construction this would have the drawback of many seams crossing the rabbet line, but with a laminated backbone it seems natural. Building the keel as a perimeter frame, with plywood walls enclosing a flooded void, seems better to me than piling up a lot of solid timber to swell and shrink year by year. It also saves a mean job of boring for, and driving, some very long bolts. The first boat I designed this way is now around 30 years old and I've not heard of any trouble with it. Nothing grows inside due to no light and slow circulation.

She came out a pretty boat. The poor photos don't do her justice. I'm of two minds whether I prefer the whaler stern with the rudder on it, as in Shadow, or a canoe stern with the rudder out of sight under the hull. In either case, I wish I could come up with a better functional reason for using them than I have so far. On any given length they reduce a boat's power to carry her sail appreciably from what it could have been with a well shaped transom stern of the same length and with some useful added deck space. If a sharp stern is filled out at the top to get some buoyancy there, it's hard to build as compared with



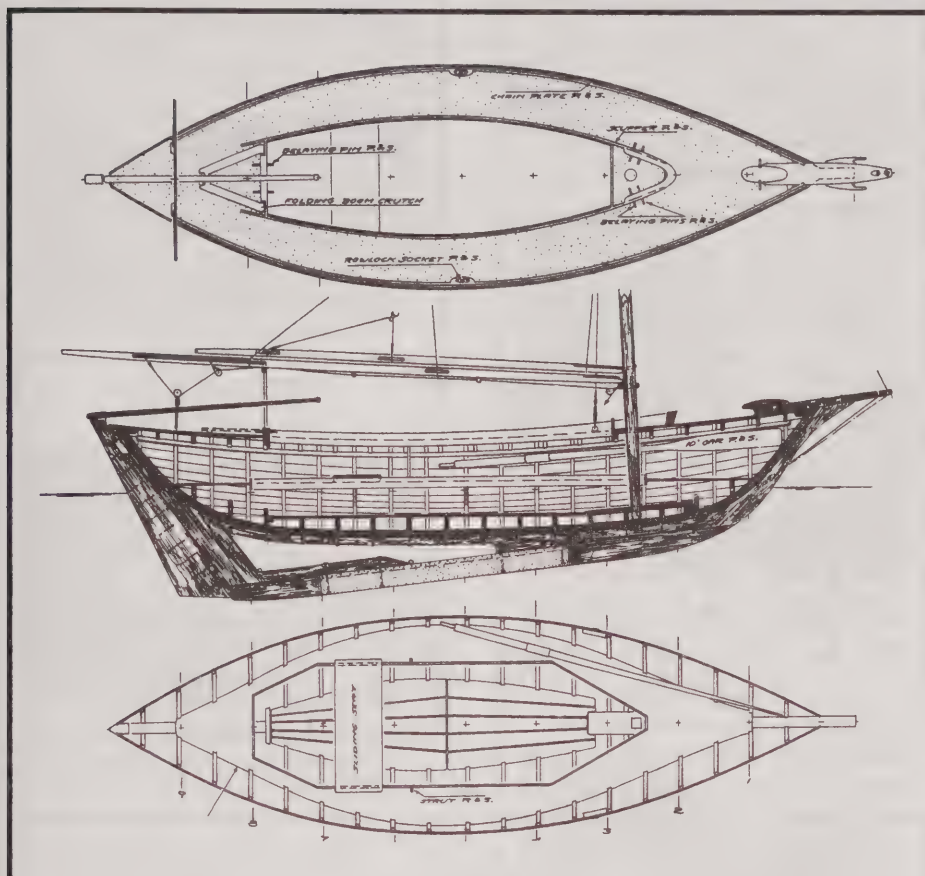
the small and high transom that would have the same effect. The usual argument for them is that they don't create turbulence when the stern buries in a following sea, which is true when they're sharp enough, especially in boats that are deep bodied and heavy for their length, but I don't like boats like that, sharp sterned or not.

So far I've had to settle for the argument that good looks don't need any defense and

are a good enough reason to make a boat a little longer for the same behavior, or settle for a little sharper angle of heel in a given breeze.

Plans of Shadow, our Design #396, are available from us for \$100 to build one boat, sent priority mail, rolled in a tube.

Phil Bolger & Friends, P.O. Box 1209, Gloucester, MA 01930, Fax (978) 282-1349.



My Wooden Boat!...On-Line
Forum...Calendar of events...
School Courses...Books...
Boat Plans...and more!



www.woodenboat.com

Greens Point Boatyard

Native White Oak Lumber Sales
31 Greens Point Road
Ipswich, MA 01938

Tel: 978-356-7416 Fax: 978-356-7424

TREMOLINO BOAT CO.

Competent builder/marketer sought to continue the over 200 boat tradition of founder John P. Olin, building Newick designed fiberglass trailerable trimarans with 2 berths, cockpits for 4, speeds from 15 to 20 knots. Purchase may be split into two groups which share common tooling:

1. 23' TREMOLINO, T-FULL 23, and the new round bottom T-GULL 2300, \$60,000
2. T-GULL 2500 and ARGONAUTA, 27.5', \$40,000

All FOB Chaska, MN • Dick Newick • (207) 439-3768

New from Compass Classic Yachts 14' CLASSIC CAT



Good looks •
Easy handling •
Speed •
Versatility •
Forgiveness •
LOA 14' •
Beam 7' •
Draft 10"

• Seats
• Cockpit room
• Comfort
• Stability
• Low maintenance
• Affordable price
• SA 130 sq. ft.
• Displacement 600#



DEALER INQUIRIES INVITED
Compass Classic Yachts, Inc.
Box 143, South Orleans, MA 02662
Shop 80 Rayber Rd., Orleans, MA
(508) 255-5187, (508) 240-1032



Forward facing rowing

Uses arms or legs or both. Great full body exercise for 1 or 2 rowers. Boat kits and rowing rigs made by Ron Rantilla in Warren, RI. Please visit our website:

www.frontrower.com

ATLANTIC COASTAL KAYAKER

Starting our 13th season
with the March 2004 issue

Would you like to read more, lots
more, about sea kayaking?

SUBSCRIBE NOW!

Atlantic Coastal Kayaker will bring you 40 pages monthly all about sea kayaking, 10 times a year (March through December)

All this for only \$22
(10 issues)!

Like to see a sample issue? Just ask.

Subscription Order Form

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____

State: _____ Zip: _____


Send check for \$22 payable to:

Atlantic Coastal Kayaker

P.O. Box 520, Ipswich, MA 01938
(978) 356-6112 (Phone & Fax)

Pert Lowell, Co., Inc.

Custom Small Boats



Builders of the famous Town Class sloop in wood or fiberglass as well as other custom traditional wooden boats since 1934.

Mast Hoops

Mast Hoop Fasteners - Sail Hanks - Parrel Beads - Wood Cleats - Wood Shell Blocks - Deadeyes - Bullseyes - Custom Bronze Hardware

Pert Lowell Co., Inc.
Lanes End, Newbury, MA 01950
(978) 462-7409

Builders & Restorers

(607) 547-2658

Tom Krieg's Boat Shop
(At 6 Mile Point on West Lake Rd.)
P.O. Box 1007
Cooperstown, NY 13326

Woodenboat Restoration & Rigging

**Reproduction of Charles Lawton
10' Yacht Tender**


Cedar on Oak
Designed by Charles Lawton of
Marblehead, MA, ca 1980. Built:
C. Stickney, Boatbuilders Ltd. 1997



C. Stickney Boatbuilders Ltd.
HC 61 Box 1146, St. George, ME 04857
(207) 372-8543
email: woodboats@msn.com
Wooden Boat Construction & Repair

AREY'S POND
Cape Cod's
Sailing Headquarters
& Wooden Boat Center
Established 1951

**Proud Builders of
Arey's Pond Catboats**



14' "CAT"
12' Kitten - 16' Lynx
20' Cruising Cat
Traditional elegance with a
fiberglass hull, teak trim & floor-
boards, all fittings solid bronze
sitka spruce spars

Box 222, 43 Arey's Ln. (Off Rt. 28)
So. Orleans, MA 02662
(508) 255-0994
<http://www.by-the-sea.com/areyspondboatyard>
E-mail: catboat@cape.com

Hansen & Company
Builders of Practical & Impractical Boats
Gloucester Gull Rowing Dorries,
Kayaks & Other Small Boats
Dennis Hansen 207-594-8073
P.O. Box 122 dgehansen@aol.com
Spruce Head, ME 04859

**Cullison
SmallCraft**

Builders of Traditional and
Contemporary Rowing and Sailing Craft


Richard Cullison 11515 Kenton Drive
301-946-5002 Silver Spring, MD 20902

www.CullisonSmallCraft.com

Robb White & Sons, Inc.

**Custom Small Boats
Forty Years**

P.O. Box 561
Thomasville, GA 31799




REDD'S POND BOATWORKS
Thad Danielson
1 Norman Street
Marblehead, MA 01945
thadd@mediaone.net 781-631-3443 888-686-3443
**Wooden Boat Building, Classic Designs,
Traditional Construction and Materials**

HADDEN BOAT COMPANY
Wooden Boat Construction & Repair
Experience the Original

1888 N.J. Melon Seed
W.P. Stevens ~ H.I. Chapelle
Patience Launched June 2003
Order yours now.

11 Tibbetts Lane
Georgetown, ME 04548
207-371-2662



Bluejacket 24



A lightweight, trailerable cruiser that planes from 22mph down to 10mph on only 50hp. A handsome cruiser with roomy forecabin and pilothouse, private head, and classic lines. Stitch & glue plywood for ease of construction.

Plan package \$150

Tom Lathrop

P.O. Box 752, Oriental, NC 28571

(252) 249-2646

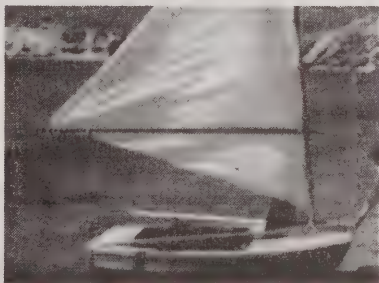
Harbinger@cconnect.net

TOTO



13' x 30" DOUBLE PADDLE CANOE
TAPED SEAM PLYWOOD
NO JIGS - NO LOFTING
\$15 PLANS
\$1 INFO ON 18 BOATS
JIM MICHALAK
118 E Randall, Lebanon, IL 62254

WEE PUNKIN



"Wee Punkin" has traditional good looks, is fun to build from inexpensive materials, and her performance will delight you. Innovative foam core deck and ample flotation make her extra safe and comfortable. She is ideal for children if they can get her away from dad. Truly a breakthrough in small boat design. Hit of the Port Townsend Wooden Boat Festival. No lofting. Plans with full size station patterns and detailed instructions \$36. SASE for more info.

GRAND MESA BOATWORKS

15654 57-1/2 Rd., Collbran, CO 81624-9778

Plans & Kits

Attend our one-day workshops
where we will show you
the construction techniques

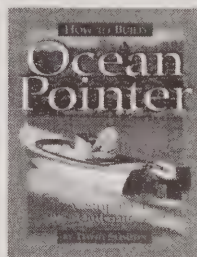


CANOE, KAYAK & ROWING BOAT KITS

the **NEWFOUND WOODWORKS inc.**

603-744-6872

www.newfound.com



How to Build the Ocean Pointer

A 19'6"

Outboard Skiff

by David Stimson

This new book shows you how to strip-build this good

looking round-bilge skiff.

57 pgs., softcover.

\$17.95 + \$3.85 shipping (US)

The WoodenBoat Store,

PO Box 78,

Brooklin, Maine 04616

www.woodenboatstore.com

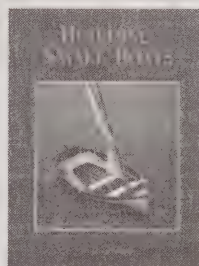
Call Toll-Free 1-800-273-7447



Building Small Boats

by Greg Rossel

Traditional lapstrake and plank-on-frame construction methods are featured in this thorough yet reader-friendly book.



278 pgs., hardcover.

\$39.95 + \$5.50 postage.

The WoodenBoat Store,

PO Box 78,

Brooklin, Maine 04616

www.woodenboatstore.com

Call Toll-Free 1-800-273-7447



GLEN HUGE BOAT GLEN

BUILDER WEBSITE:

WWW.GLEN-L.COM

Most informative site on the web: Over 200 Plans & kits, "Project Registry" lists boats in progress, online catalogs & ordering, customer boat photos. FREE info on various building methods, online newsletter & much more! Your one-stop boat building resource! Hard-copy catalog \$9.95-216 pages illustrated.

Glen-L marine designs

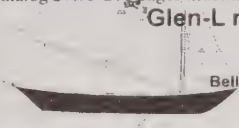
PO box 1804/AM44

9152 Rosecrans Ave.

Bellflower, CA 90707-1804

562-630-6258

FAX 562-630-6280



SWAMP YANKEE BOATS



Three Ultralight Stitch & Glue Versions

1. Ruston's "Wee Lassie" Solo Canoe

2. Rob Roy Type Decked Solo Canoe

3. Touring Kayak

Information Packet \$2.00

Robert W. Sparks

36 Soundview Hts., Branford, CT 06405

(203) 488-5932



ATKIN

ILLUSTRATED CATALOG

Over 200 designs. Famed Atkin double-enders, traditional offshore and coastal cruising yachts, rowing/sailing dinghies, utilities, and houseboats. \$10 U.S., \$15 Canada, \$18 overseas airmail. Payment: U.S. dollars payable through a U.S. bank.

ATKIN DESIGNS

P.O. Box 3005, Noroton, CT 06820

apatkin@aol.com

www.atkinboatplans.com

GEORGE

Designs by Platt Monfort

STUDY PLANS BOOK \$4.95

INSTRUCTIONAL VIDEO \$19.95

Monfort Associates

50 Haskell Rd. MA, Westport, ME 04578

(207) 882-5504



<gaboats.com>

WESTON FARMER

BUILDING PLANS & ARTICLE REPRINTS

BUILD A WESTON FARMER CLASSIC DESIGN. 15 plans available for the amateur boatbuilder from 10' launch IRREDUCIBLE to famous 32' blue-water ketch TAHITIANA. Send \$2 for catalog defining specs, plans, contents, prices, etc.

READ & ENJOY A WESTON FARMER BOAT STORY. We have 20 article reprints on small boat designs written through the years by E. Weston Farmer, N.A., considered by many to have been one of the outstanding marine writers of all time. Delightful reading for only \$1 per page. All articles include line drawings, offsets, etc. that you can use. Send \$2 for catalog listing.

WESTON FARMER ASSOCIATES

18970 AZURE ROAD, WYZATA, MN 55391

(612) 473-2360

It's Not Just Art, It's a Craft!

Unique Wood-Strip.
Performance, Sea Kayaks

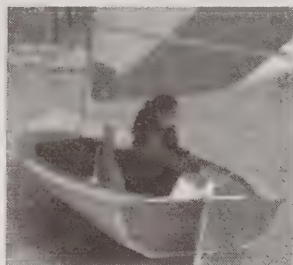
**Kits, Plans &
Finished Boats**

Send \$3 for a catalog to:
Nick Schade
Guillemot Kayaks
Apt. M, 824 Thompson St.
Glastonbury, CT 06033
ph: 860-659-8847

<http://www.KayakPlans.com/m>



SWIFTY 12

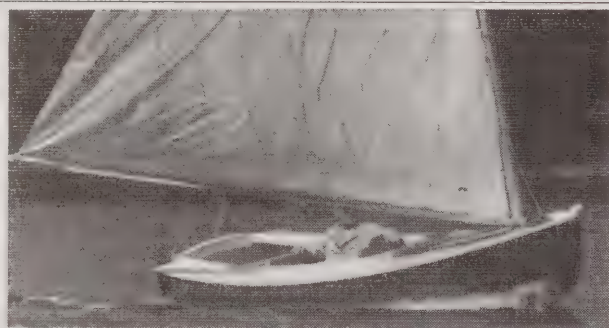


A light-weight, sturdy wooden beauty anyone can build from our pre-assembled kit. Price, including sail, \$975. Catalog of 13 kit designs handcrafted in Vermont, \$5. Two-hour demonstration video, \$23.

SHELL BOATS

561 Polly Hubbard Rd., St. Albans, VT 05478
(802) 524-9645

www.by-the-sea.com/shellboats



Bobcat 12'3" x 6'0"

Designer Phil Bolger and builder Harold Payson have developed a tack-and-tape multi-chine version of the classic catboat that puts the charm and performance of this famous type within the reach of home builders with a minimum investment in time and money.

PLEASE SEND ME: ☐ Complete construction plans and instructions for \$40.00 ☐ Study plan packet for Bobcat and 36 other easy-to-build Instant Boats for \$5.00.

BOOKS: ☐ Instant Boats, \$16.00 ☐ Build the New Instant Boats, \$19.95 ☐ How to Build Your Own Boat, \$20.00 ☐ Build the Instant Catboat, \$12.95 ☐ How to Build the Gloucester Light Dory, \$7.95 ☐ Keeping a Cutting Edge: Saw Filing, \$7.95 ☐ Boat Modeling with Dynamite Payson, \$19.95 ☐ Bolger's 103 Small Boat Rigs, \$28.95 ☐ Boat Modeling the Easy Way, \$19.95 Add \$1.00 S&H

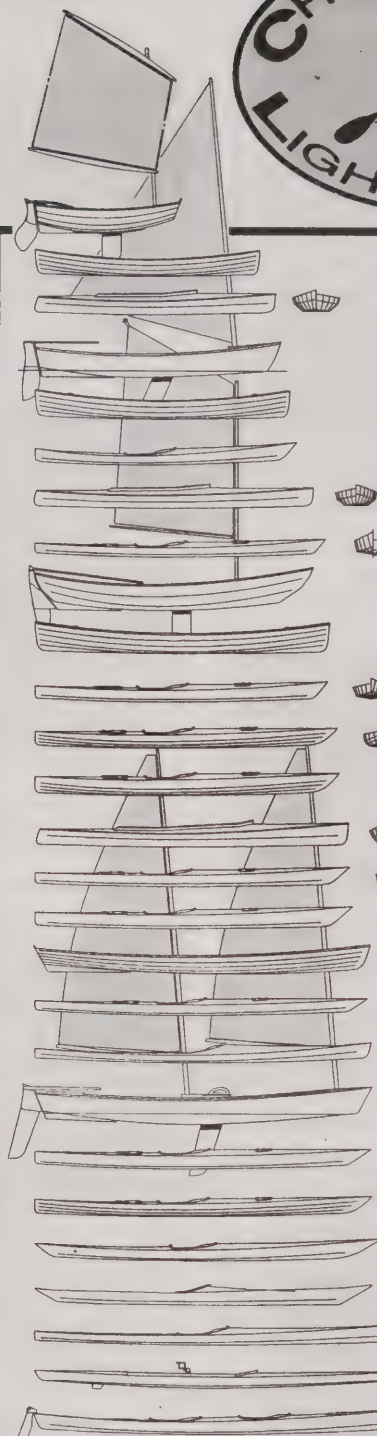
Name

Street

City State Zip

Harold H. Payson & Co.

Dept. MB, Pleasant Beach Road • South Thomaston, ME 04858
207-594-7587



**The Best
Boats
You Can
Build.**

For a free catalog of boat kits, plans, and
boatbuilding materials, contact:

Chesapeake Light Craft

1805 George Ave. Annapolis, MD 21401

410 267 0137

info@clcboats.com

www.clcboats.com

Wood Canoe Hardware



CANOE HARDWARE

1/2", 11/16", 7/8" Canoe Tacks; 3/8" Oval Brass Stem Bands; Clenching Irons; 3/16" Bronze Carriage Bolts; Canoe Plans; Clear White Cedar. Price List Available.

NORTHWOODS CANOE SHOP

Ph: (888) 564-1020

Fax: (207) 564-3667

Web: www.woodencanoes.com

Supplies

GAMBELL & HUNTER SAILMAKERS

*Sails
and
Rigging*

16 Limerock St. Camden, ME 04843
(207) 236-3561
www.gambellandhunter.com

CUT COPPER CLENCH NAILS

Pure half hard hand drawn copper made on old Atlas Company machines.

3 diameters: 1/16", 3/32", 1/8"

11 sizes: 3/4" to 1-3/8"

For sample packet & information send \$3

To order call 603-433-1114 or write

STRAWBERRY BANKE MUSEUM

PO Box 300, Portsmouth, NH 03802

ATLANTIC WHITE CEDAR

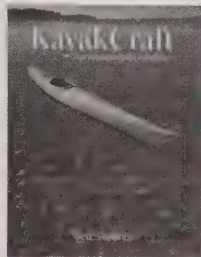
Boat grade rough sawn flitches in stock.

Most are 16' long 4/4 to 8/4 thick. New supply ready to ship.

Call or write for info.

J.D. ENGLAND CO.

1780 Remlik Dr. Urbanna VA 23175
(804) 758-2721



KayakCraft by Ted Moores

Learn from a master! Ted Moores has been building and teaching in the art of strip-construction for years. The book includes four Steve Killing designed

kayaks. It's packed with Ted's tips and techniques, so results will be great.

185 pgs., softcover.

\$19.95 + \$4.50 postage.

The WoodenBoat Store,

PO Box 78,

Brooklin, Maine 04616

www.woodenboatstore.com

Call Toll-Free 1-800-273-7447



telephone (413) 783-5589
20 TREETOP AVENUE
SPRINGFIELD FAN CENTERBOARD COMPANY
SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS 01103
DROPPED RIDDERS • TELESCOPING CENTERBOARDS • CANOE JEWELRY
CANOE & SMALL BOAT REPAIR AND RESTORATIONS IN WOOD & FIBERGLASS
COMPLETE LINE OF TRAILER ALUMINUM TRAILERS

MAINE COAST LUMBER, INC.

17 White Birch Lane
York, ME 03909
(207) 363-7426
(800) 899-1664
Fax (207) 363-8650
M-F 7am-5pm



66 Larrabee Road
Westbrook, ME 04902
(207) 856-6015
(877) 408-4751
Fax (207) 856-6971
M-F 7:30am-4:30pm
Saturday 8am-12pm

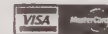
HARDWOOD LUMBER • SOFTWOOD LUMBER •
HARDWOOD PLYWOODS • MELAMINE • MDF •
MARINE PLYWOODS • MDO • PARTICLE BOARD •
SLATWALL • LAMINATE • EDGE BANDING • VENEER •
HARDWOOD MOLDINGS • CUSTOM MILLING

We Deliver

ME, NH, VT, MA, RI

www.maine.coastlumber.com

email: info@mainecoastlumber.com



We ship UPS

RAKA EPOXY & FIBERGLASS

We have several types of epoxy resins with different mix ratios for coating, gluing and composite construction. Our large fiberglass inventory include many weights of standard woven materials as well as a good selection of biaxials and triaxials. Carbon and kevlar fabrics are also available. We offer the lowest prices and same day UPS shipping. Our normal store hours are from 9am to 5pm Monday to Friday, but calls are welcome seven days a week until 10pm. Write or call us or see our internet site for complete info and prices.

RAKA Marine

3490 Oleander Ave., Ft. Pierce, FL 34982-6571

Ph. (561) 279-8929 - Fax (561) 279-2539

www.raka.com



Clearly the best

**WEST SYSTEM® Brand
207 Hardener**



Kayak built by
Ted Moores, master
builder, teacher and
author of *CanoeCraft &
Kayakcraft*. Ted has used
WEST SYSTEM Brand
products for 29 years.
He recommends 105/207
for the ultimate clear finish.
www.bearmountainboats.com

For fabric applications and clear coating,
WEST SYSTEM 105 Resin & 207 Hardener

- Maintains clarity and has extremely low blush formation—as low as "no blush" epoxies
- Requires fewer coats to fill fiberglass weave than other epoxies
- Apply three or more coats in one day and sand the next—your projects get finished faster

**WEST
SYSTEM®**
BRAND

■ Epoxy products Reliable solutions



Gougeon Brothers, Inc.
989.684.7286
www.westsystem.com

Call today for your **FREE** User Manual & Product Guide

Atlantic White Cedar

Custom cut to your specifications from our own logs which we bring up from Florida. Lengths up to 24'.

Cypres\$ and other species available upon request.

Woodcraft Productions Ltd.

P.O. Box 17307
Smithfield, RI 02917-0704
Tel (401) 232-2372
Fax (401) 232-1029

Boatbuilding Supplies

STRIP • STITCH & GLUE • PLYWOOD & FIBERGLASS CONSTRUCTION

SYSTEMTHREE EPOXY RESIN

Simple 2:1 mix ratio • Available in 1.5 qt.-15 gal. units
Fast, med, slow hardeners for use in temperatures
as low as 35°F

3 Gal. Unit \$147.00

FIBERGLASS CLOTH • TAPES • MATS • ROVINGS • KNITS

- **REICHOLD** Polyester Resins (gals, pails, drums)
- **NESTE** GelCoats
- Sikaflex Urethane Sealants
- Gloucester Marine Paints (40-50% discount)
- 2 part Urethane Pour Foam



Microballoons • Silica Powder • Wood
Flour Pigments • Milled & Chop Fibers •
Squeegees Syringes • Brushes • Rollers •
Paper Pots • Gloves Coveralls • And More

LOW PRICES ON: Silicon Bronze Wood Screws
Nails & Stainless Fasteners

Top Quality Products • Competitive Prices • Fast Knowledgeable Service
All items in stock and ready for immediate shipment.

MERTON'S FIBERGLASS SUPPLY

SUPPLYING QUALITY MATERIALS TO BOAT OWNERS,
HULL FINISHERS AND BOATYARDS FOR OVER 20 YEARS.

P.O. Box 399, E. Longmeadow, MA 01028
Fax (413) 736-3182 - www.mertons.com

Free Catalog! **800-333-0314**

YANMAR Diesel Power

ORR'S ISLAND BOAT WORKS

Award Winning Dealer 9hp-500hp Diesels

Full Parts Inventory

Expert Technical Assistance

8 Park Place (800) 339-6777
Orr's Island, ME 04066 (207) 833-5852

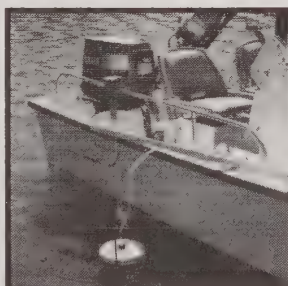
E-mail: oibw@gwi.net



Boaters' Cards and Stationery

Business card size with a wood engraving of your boat printed on the front. Your contact info on the back. All hand work by artist/printer. Other stationery options available. For samples contact:

L.S. Baldwin, Box 884, Killingsworth, CT 06410
See web page - www.ironworksgraphics.com/iwgstationery.html



Call (800) 350-0564
or see
www.jrsupplies.com

The
Smart
Bilge
Pump -
the
simple
solution
for the
small
craft
owner

SEE SMALL-CRAFT SAILS

AND GET A QUOTE AT

www.dabblersails.com

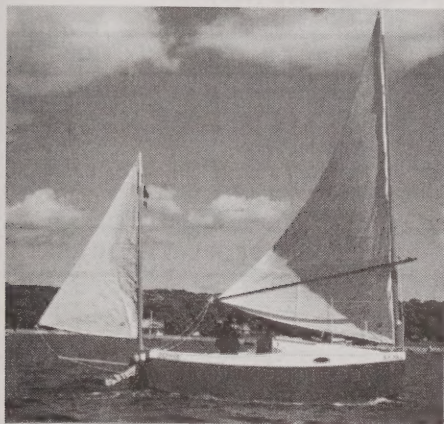
OR CONTACT US AT

- dab@crosslink.net
 - Ph/fax 804-580-8723
 - PO Box 235, Wicomico Ch., VA 22579
- Stuart K. Hopkins, Sole Prop



Classified Marketplace

BOATS FOR SALE

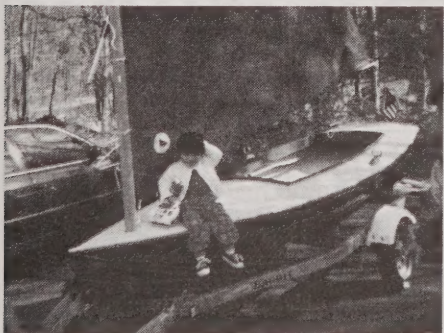


Long Micro, 20' Phil Bolger cat yawl mini cruiser Zephyr is reluctantly for sale. Quality amateur constr '93/'94 w/many upgrades over the years. Marine fir ply & System 3 & WEST™ System epoxies throughout. Featured at www.znw.com/homepage/zephyr.htm & www.znw.com/homepage/zephyr_fa.htm. \$5,000 firm w/gd running '70s 5.5hp Johnson, or \$4,800 w/o. Zephyr has been yard kept since launch. Located Shelter Island, New York. No trlr incl, please note I can't arrange delivery. DANIEL GONNEAU, Astoria, NY, (718) 726 3549. (22)

22' Columbia Sloop, keel model, comfortable cockpit, V-berth, sm dinette, engine & head. Asking \$1,500, must be moved by 3/15, house being sold. Located Pembroke, MA. PETER NORTH, N. Andover, MA, <panorth@comcast.net> (22)



23' '57 Lyman, Interceptor FWC V-8, professionally rebuilt & owned last 10yrs. Solid saltwater island commuter, best model they built. New: Canvas, engine, decks, windshield, sheer planks, dash, 2 batteries, etc. \$15,000. HADDEN BOAT CO, Georgetown, ME, (207) 371-2662. (23)



Crawford Melonseed, '02 w/trlr & lots of extra equipment. All in exc cond. Located eastern PA. \$6,495. LARRY WENGER, Newtown, PA, (215) 504-4727. (22)

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING INFORMATION:

Classified ads are **FREE TO SUBSCRIBERS** for personally owned boat related items. Each ad will automatically appear in two consecutive issues. Further publication of any ad may be had on request.

A one-time charge of \$8 will be made for any photograph included with any ad to cover the cost to us of the necessary halftone. For return of photo following publication, include a self-addressed stamped envelope.

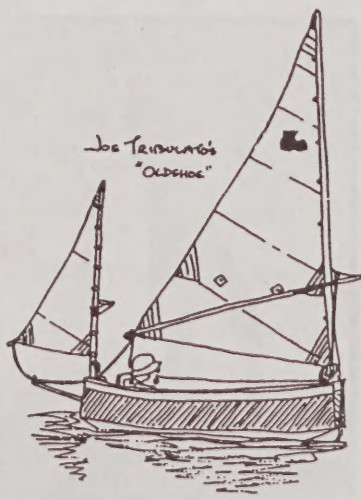
Non-subscribers and commercial businesses may purchase classified ads at \$.25 per word per issue. To assure accuracy, please type or print your ad copy clearly. Mail to *Boats*, 29 Burley St., Wenham, MA 01984. No telephone ads please.



ROB ROY 23

A Classic Canoe Yawl

23' Rob Roy, '87, Ted Brewer design FG canoe yawl by Marine Concepts. Gd cond, well equipped. '97 galv trlr, '97 Honda 8hp OB, low hrs. \$10,500. JOE VANDERWERF, Hendersonville, NC, (828) 692-7718, <axiom@ioa.com> (22)



Old Shoe Cat Yawl, by Bolger. 11'7" x 5' x 15", SA 92sf, displ 821lbs. Small Micro, a little ship vly well built '89. Gd galv trlr. \$3,000/offer. JOE TRIBULATO, Watsonville, CA, (831) 724-2999. (23)



Jozyboat, 16' single touring kayak w/42" open cockpit. Exc cond. Hull 7mm okoume ply. Del paddles incl. \$495. **Li'l Beauty**, 14' dbl kayak/canoe, light weight. \$300. BERNIE GODBOLT, West Creek, NJ, (609) 494-6634. (23)

14' Cape Dory Handy Cat, Cape Cod style catboat. '71. Gaff rig. Sitka spruce spars, teak coaming & seats. FG hull. 4.5hp British Seagull OB, cover & trlr. All in vly gd cond. A comfortable classic day sailer. \$6,950 compl. ERIC KRETZMANN, Mansfield, OH, (419) 589-4050, <kretzmnn.4@netzero.net> (22)

16' Classic Wood Sloop, full keel, Marconi rigged. Cuddy, OB, trlr. Surveyed & insured. \$5,000. HOLT VIBBER, Waterford, CT, (860) 442-7376. (23)

15' WW Potter, '02, 4hp 4st OB, galv trlr, many options. Will send list. \$8,400 OBO. DON MANNING, Bethel Park, PA, (412) 835-7651. (22)



16' Comet, Oberg/Branning #3943, FG hull w/ flotation fwd & aft. Alum spars & CB. Fair cond, ready to sail. 2 sets sails include, Seidelman Dacron sails & Doyle hard sails, both in gd cond. \$900. Trlr available at additional \$400 or may be borrowed for delivery. Pictures available by email. RANDY BRUBAKER, Newfield, NY, (607) 564-7838, <rbrubaker@juno.com> (23)

13' Catspaw Dinghy, new. Cedar on oak. Dk blue w/red sheer. Nat Wilson sail & Shaw & Tenny oars. A great rowing & sailing boat. \$7,500. **New 15' Matinicus Island Peapod**, cedar on oak. Dk blue hull w/white sheer. A beautiful rowing boat. \$6,100. For more information please call Tony or Bob.

THE CARPENTER'S BOATSHOP, Pemaquid, ME, (207) 677-3768, boatshop@midcoast.com (22)

8' Pilot Dinghy, sailing version. Sail, 2pc mast, boom, rudder, tiller, daggerboard & fairly new oars incl. All gear fits inside boat. Ready to row or sail. Currently living in my cellar. \$600.

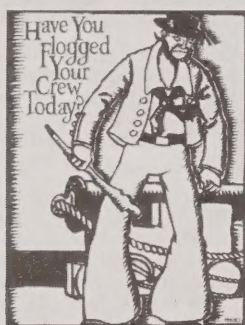
LIM LACEY, 305 Prospect St., Willimantic, Ct 06226, (860) 456-1214, <Lacey@EasternCT.edu> (22)

16' Chrysler Dagger Sailboat, similar to Laser. Fast, fun. Sail stored inside. No trlr. \$800. BEN RAY, Portland, ME, (207) 871-1499. (22)

BOATS WANTED

Wineglass Wherry, by Pygmy Boats. CHUCK RAYNOR, Richmond, VA, (804) 323-7707 (please speak slowly & distinctly). (22)

GEAR FOR SALE



A Tough Jacktar, holding his billy stick (18th C. British sailor) is featured on this T-shirt. Dramatic woodcut printed on an Ash Grey shirt. The words say it all! Perfect gift for any sailor, rower, or old salt! Medium-X large \$17.00, XXL \$19.00, S&H \$4.50 in North America. We accept Visa, Master Card & American Express.

NORS, P.O. Box 143, Woolwich, ME 04579 USA, (207) 985-6134, Fax (207) 985-7633, <crew@norsgear.com> www.norsgear.com (TFP)

There is nothing—absolutely nothing—

half so much worth doing



as simply messing about in boats.

Famous Quotation & Illustration from *The Wind in the Willows*

Join us in expressing Ratty's sentiment to the world. T-shirt \$17.50, Long Sleeve T \$22, Sweatshirt \$28, Tote Bag \$18. Shipping \$4.75, orders up to \$25, add \$1 for each additional \$25. THE DESIGN WORKS, Dept MC, Box 880, Silver Spring, MD 20918, Toll free 877-637-7464, www.messingabout.com (TFP)

GEAR WANTED

Propellor, LH 3 blade 16-1/2" diam x 12" pitch x 1" bore for my '72 Albin motor sailer. ANTONIO GAMBALE, E. Boston, MA, (617) 569-3462. (22)

BOOKS & PLANS FOR SALE



Nutmeg (aka \$200 Sailboat), Bolger design, 15'6"x4'6". Plans w/compl directions. \$20.

DAVE CARNELL, 322 Pages Creek Dr., Wilmington, NC 28411, <davecarnell@att.net> (TFP)

16' Shearwater, compl set of plans for building Joel White design. Double ended pulling boat that can also be sailed w/CB trunk installed. Incl full sized patterns for frames, etc. Glued ply planking over laminated frames & stems. Based on type found on west coast of Norway. New \$75 plus s&h. Cost to you \$65 inclusive.

RICHARD BJORUM, 2038 Town Rd. 492, International Falls, MN 56649, (218) 286-3438, <bjtroll@northwinds.net> (23)

"Sleeper", 7'10" car toppable sailing cruiser. Slps 2 below deck. Plans \$37, info \$3.

EPOCH PRESS, 186 Almonte Blvd., Mill Valley, CA 94941 (TFP)



Dory Plans, row, power & sail. 30 designs 8'-30'. Send \$3 for study packet.

DOWN EAST DORIES, Dept. MB, Pleasant Beach Rd., S. Thomaston, ME 04858. (TF)

BOAT PLANS & KITS - WWW.GLEN-L.COM: Customer photos, FREE how-to information, online catalog. Or send \$9.95 for 216-PAGE DESIGN BOOK, includes FREE Supplies catalog. Over 240 proven designs, 7'-55'. "How To Use Epoxy" manual \$2.00.

GLEN-L, Box 1804MA44, 9152 Rosecrans, Bellflower, CA 90707-1804, 562-630-6258 www.Glen-L.com (TFP)

Small Boat Journal, compl set. Sell for cost of shipping to buyer.

GARRY OSBORNE, 49 Fernwood Dr., Stamford, CT 06903. (22)

MISCELLANEOUS MARINE RELATED FOR SALE

www.kleppers.org. (TFP)

BOATBUILDING INSTRUCTION

Build-A-Boat Summer Day Camp, southern NH area. Come build your own sailboat in 2 wks this July. Families welcome.

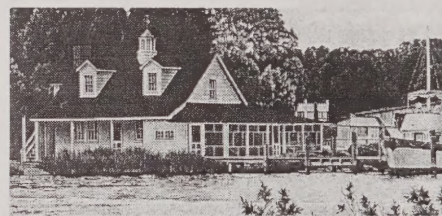
CHRIS BALCH, Mason, NH, (603) 878-0424, <phoenixwef@earthlink.net> (22)

WATERFRONT PROPERTY FOR RENT



Island Property For Sale, grt location on West Chop/Tisbury, Martha's Vineyard. Just over 1 acre of perfect land in secluded West Chop area. \$475,000.

GREG DAY, Princeton, MA, (978) 464-5799.



Vacation Rental Waterfront, 100yr old refurbished cottage off lower Potomac River nr Leonardtown, MD. Suitable for 3 couples or 2 families. Slps up to 10. Incl protected deepwater slip & several small craft. \$1,000-\$1,350/wk. LEONARD EPPARD, Lorton, VA, (703) 550-9486. (TF)

Looking for the Right Boat?

Let Us Build it for You!

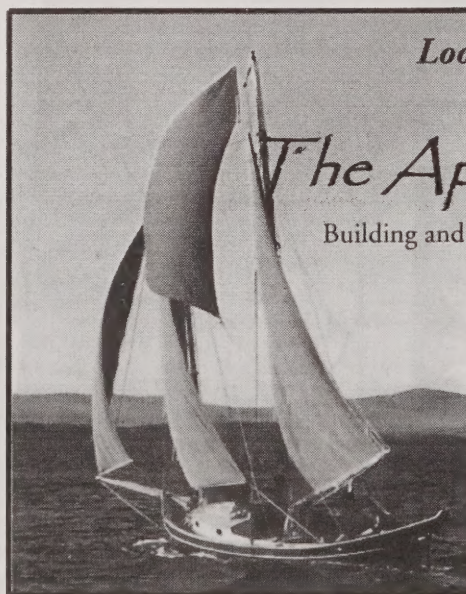
The Apprenticeshop

Building and Restoring Quality Wooden Boats Since 1971

Bring us your own design ideas or choose from our extensive boat catalogue

Atlantic Challenge
643 Main Street
Rockland, Maine
207-594-1800

www.atlanticchallenge.com

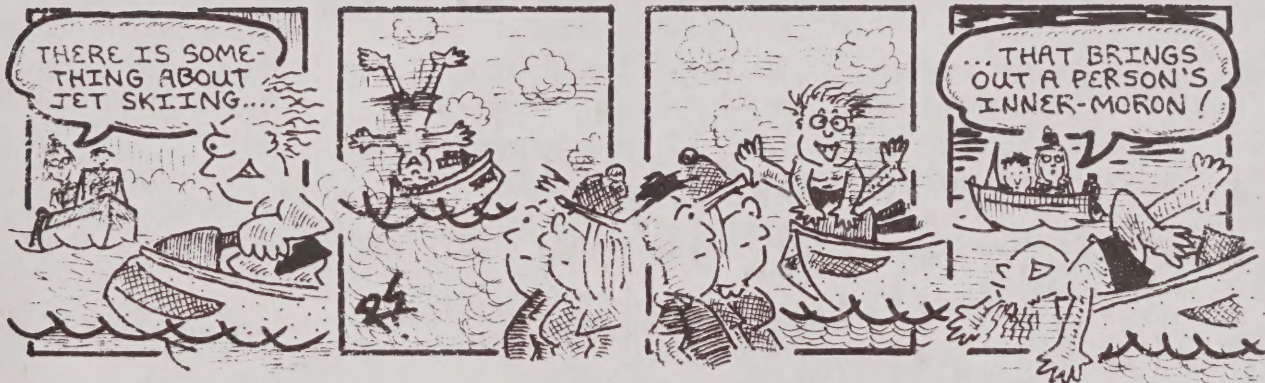




Shiver Me Timbers

By: Robert L. Summers

Jet Skis!



**Anywhere.
Anytime.
Anyone.**



[GO WITH THE FLOW]

Go explore that nearby lake... check out that local creek... paddle along a rustic New England harbor... all in our easy-to-paddle **FeatherLite** kayaks. User-friendly, they come with large, non-confining cockpits and are easy to carry at only 37 lbs.! These are the perfect *all-terrain recreational vehicles*.

Discover kayaking in your own backyard!



The FeatherLite 37 lbs. 9' 5"
Stable Shallow-V Hull, Comfortable Foam Seat,
Built-In Flotation, Adjustable Seat, Footbraces & More.

www.heritagekayaks.com

HERITAGE
— KAYAKS —

55 Ballou Boulevard, Bristol, RI 02809 • [401] 253-3408 • Fax [401] 254-6994

Just enjoy and take it all in, even in the snow! Bradley Lake, Andover, N.H. Photo: Brownell

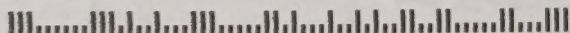
POSTMASTER: CHANGE SERVICE REQUESTED

XXI-22

PRSRT STD
U.S. POSTAGE PAID
PLATTSBURGH, NY 12901
PERMIT #148

messing
about in
BOATS

29 BURLEY ST., WENHAM, MA 01984 (978) 774-0906



*****3-DIGIT 019

S1 P2

PEABODY ESSEX MUSEUM
161 E INDIA SQUARE MALL
SALEM MA 01970-372